

# The Sketch

No. 1217—Vol. XCIV.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 24, 1916.

SIXPENCE.



WITH A DOSE OF HIS OWN MEDICINE FOR HER DOCTOR EMPLOYER? VIRGINIA (MISS FAY COMPTON)  
IN "THE BOOMERANG."

In "The Boomerang," the new comedy at the Queen's Theatre, by Messrs. Winchell Smith and Victor Mapes, Virginia Xelva is a doctor's assistant. The doctor prescribes for a jealous lover, whose fiancée is flirting with another man, a course of feigned flirtation with Virginia, so that jealousy may recoil, like a badly thrown boomerang,

on the head of the fickle fiancée. Now Virginia is herself in love with her employer, the doctor, and, in order to make him realise that he is in love with her, she gives him a dose of his own medicine, making him jealous by flirting with someone else. With it all, she remains charming from first to last. —[Photographs by Malcolm Arbuthnot.]



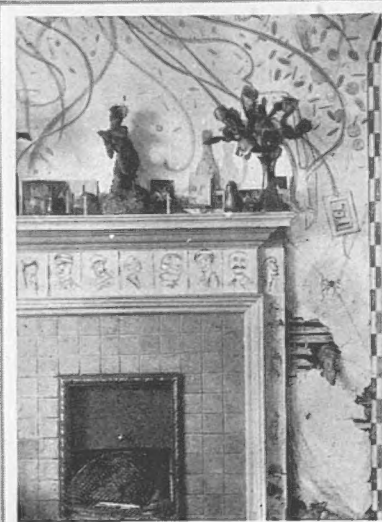
## DECORATED BY SOLDIER-ARTISTS: AN OFFICER'S ROOM.



A LION'S HEAD—AND SOME LEGS.



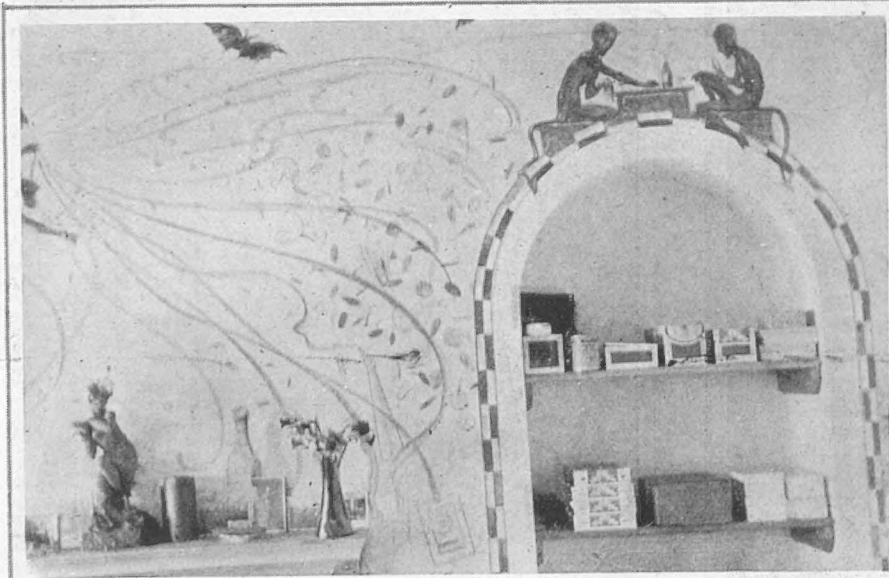
"WHO SAYS THERE ARE NO COOKS?"



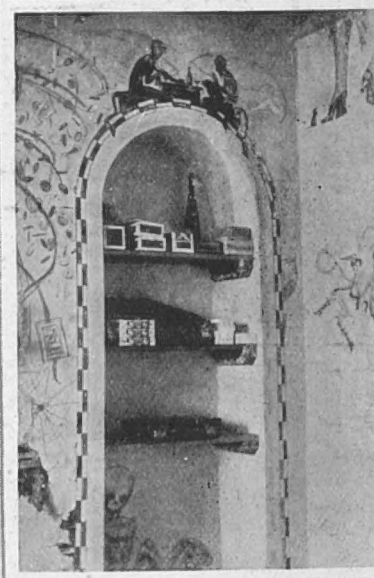
A PICTURED ALLEGORY—THE RAT AND THE "SUBTLE SPIDER."



MULTUM IN PARVO—"DESIGNS, VARIOUS."



THE DEVIL'S PICTURE-BOOKS—AND SOME ANTIDOTES.



DEMONS AND DANCERS—A CONTRAST.

Many men who have joined the Forces were artists before they were soldiers, and some have put their pencils to good account by producing quaint and, often very amusing decorative "effects" in the form of sketches in the officers' rooms. In contrast to war, the thoughts of the soldier-artists, it is obvious, "lightly turn to thoughts of"—London and its distractions. The "decorations" shown in our photographs are sufficiently varied. A bold head of a lion is seen below a frieze which might be labelled "Legs—various." A corner of the fireplace gives a humorous

answer to the query: "Who says there are no cooks?" There is sinister significance in the half-starved rat and the "subtle spider" in her web. The centre of the room makes a variety show in itself, from a "strafing" German officer to a be-fezzed Turk, a smart French officer, a dignified and bearded Indian, and a leavening of Beauty "unadorned," and otherwise. The weirdness of the demons playing cards is mitigated by the presence of dancing girls, cigars, and cigarettes galore. The one ever-present feature is a sense of humour.—[Photographs by Sport and General.]

## WHEN THE END OF THE WAR WILL BE: A PROPHECY.



*Will the War End when it Falls? The Statue of the Virgin on Notre Dame de Ste. Brebières.*

For more than a year the great gilded statue of the Virgin and the Holy Child, displaced by a German shell, has hung suspended over the town of Albert, and there is a local belief that on the day the stricken figure falls to the ground the war will cease. The Church of Ste. Brebières, upon which the statue remains, was restored not long before the war, and had long been the goal of many pilgrims. The village itself was known as Ancre until the reign of Louis XIII., who gave it to his favourite, Charles d'Albert,

Duc de Luynes. It is worthy of note that during the past weeks the region round about has been one of the most active on the whole front, there having been almost nightly raids and blowing-up of mines from Fricourt, by La Boisselle, to Authville and beyond. For how much longer will the pendent statue retain its position, bending, as it were, in appeal or benediction over the almost deserted streets of the little town which has suffered so sorely at the hands of the enemy?





## COUSIN CLARA CRITICISES.

BY MARTHE TROLY-CURTIN.

(Author of "Phrynette and London" and "Phrynette Married.")

TO begin with, here are my thanks to a "Grass Widow of Twenty" for her very charming letter. I wrote a message to her three weeks ago, but it had to be crushed out for lack of space, as real journalists would say. Yes, I understand and sympathise—don't I know, just! But cheero, Billy's bride, think of his next leave! It was sweet of you and "Billy" to want to ask me—I wish you had. I would have seen to it that you (or Billy either!) did not fall on the wrong lady's neck in the Savoy foyer. I can't answer your so nice letter adequately here, but—my best wishes to you both!

And here is a rather long-standing letter, too, that I very much wanted to answer before—yours, Captain W. L., written on April 5! I hope you are no longer feeling as lonely as when you wrote. Fourteen months at the front without a scratch is indeed a record. Do you know you tantalised me very much with those "dashed amusing stories" that you and others in your old Brigade could tell me, "but space will not allow." Don't be selfish now—I am waiting for the stories. Best luck to you! And the other dear yours whose letters I haven't acknowledged, forgive me, will yours? I'll send a line to each next week.

And, about story-telling, I hope Cyril hasn't told you what happened at his off-to-the-front dinner, because I want to be the first to repeat it. Cyril is twenty-one, and mater's darling (and many others' besides!), but I am not going to tell tales out of—out of what? School is hardly the word! Now, Cyril always got what he wanted, just when he wanted it (all except a moustache!). He wanted a cheerful little dinner-party as a send-off, and his fond pater and mater at once issued some fifteen invitations to different darlings, and the darlings' parents, and to those of Cyril's pals who happened to be on leave. A few moments before dinner, as the guests were already herded in in the drawing-room, trying to find something to say to one another without talking shop—by shop I mean, of course, everybody's business—the war (the young people managed it all right!)—a telegram arrived "excusing" one of Cyril's "awfully-decent-chap-don't-you-knows" who was suddenly recalled to his regiment. So that neither he nor his wife could come for dinner. Looking around her, the horrified

hostess discovered that, through the absence of these two guests, the remaining diners would number thirteen! This would never do! Cyril's mater, always in the movement, was fashionably superstitious. She could not have a dinner of thirteen people on the eve of her son's departure for the front—that would be flying at the face of the Fates! She agitatedly buttonholed her husband. Personally, the brave man did not care that same button how many sat at table as long as the menu and the wines were all right; but, though a man of courage, he was nevertheless a well-trained husband!

"Never mind, Arabella; don't worry, my love. I'll 'phone to the Gay-Robinsons. They never go anywhere—sure to find them in. Anyway, I'll get some friend or other by hook or by crook while you keep the crowd company."

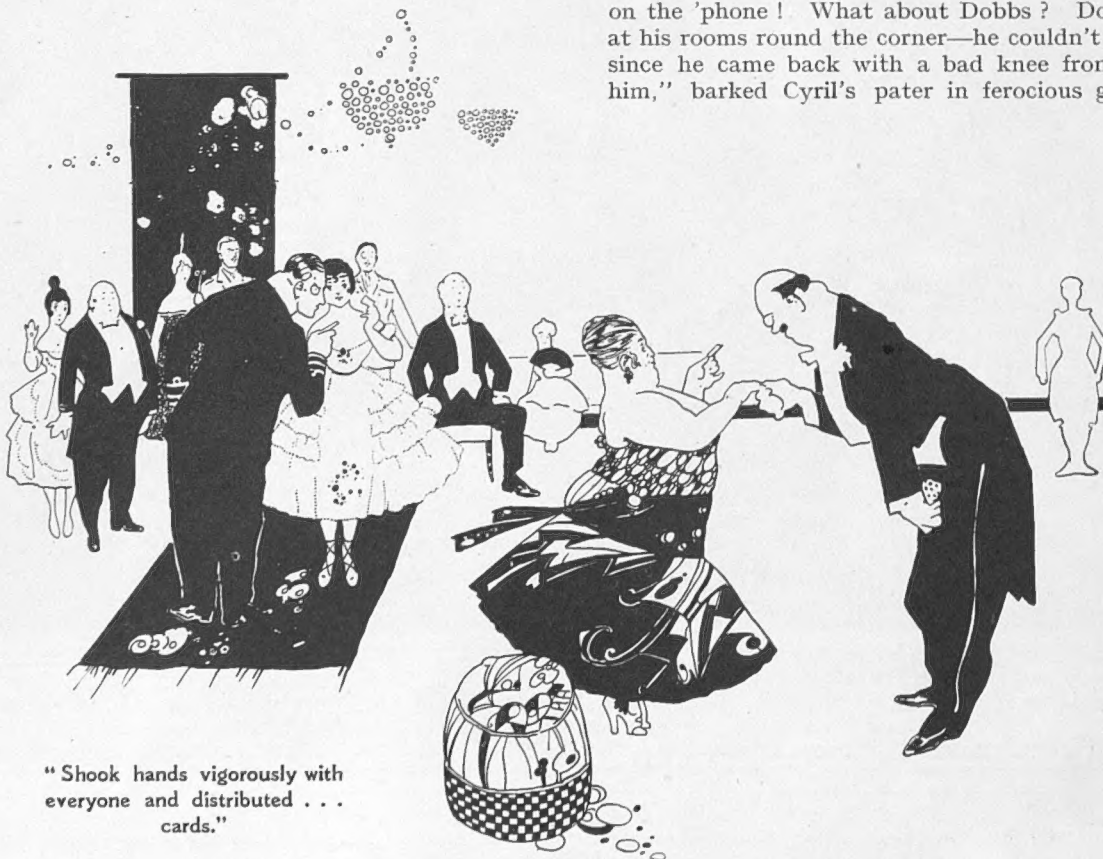
But, as it happened, the Gay-Robinsons were away week-ending (yes; together, I believe), though they had not said in what part of the island—not that it would have helped Cyril's pater to know. It was now, at once, he wanted to share the salt of hospitality with somebody—per force, if necessary! And moments were precious. Call after call proved in vain—you don't find people disengaged at half-past seven in London. The would-be host's sudden and peremptory invitations through the telephone, his feverish tones, surprised the few friends who happened to be at home. His answer "Immediately" to the question "When do you want us to come, old man?" struck them as war-time promptness. "Sorry, we are engaged for this evening—we are free on Thursday." Cyril's pater's "How unfortunate!" sounded very much like "Oh, d—ear! I don't want you at all then!"

The situation was getting every second critical and on his nerves. Evidently it was no good telephoning—so easy to refuse on the 'phone! What about Dobbs? Dobbs would be sure to be at his rooms round the corner—he couldn't move from his arm-chair since he came back with a bad knee from the front. "I'll get him," barked Cyril's pater in ferocious glee, "even if I have to

kidnap him! I'll wheel him here myself."

But when he arrived at Dobbs's, panting and determined, another disappointment was waiting for him (it too!). Dobbs was at home—very much so—but not alone! His aunt was dining in tête-à-tête with him. And a Great Aunt she was too, by Jove! By Great, I don't mean an antique Aunt—far from it! This Aunt was all that was most charming—such, in

fact, as all uncles would like that their nieces could be! Pater retired hurriedly, anger and envy in his heart. "Sly fellow, that Dobbs!" thought he. "Never let it out to anyone he had such an Aunt. I must tell Cyril." But this dark design did not make his



"Shook hands vigorously with everyone and distributed . . . cards."



way any lighter. There he was, coming back empty-handed—he did not dare think of his wife, pale with anxiety, in the drawing-room, jumping in her arm-chair at every step outside, nor of his cook, purple with rage, sitting on the hot stove in the kitchen; nor of his famished guests, all waiting for his return—while some chaps were quietly dining with their Aunt! Oh, moments as painful as penal servitude for life!

His mad mutterings were interrupted by a sudden contact with a passer-by whom he crushed against a lamp-post. Pater was beginning to apologise half-heartedly when—oh, happy hazard!—why, that passer-by was actually an old acquaintance led there by Providence! True, Pater could not remember his name nor who the man was exactly, but he knew him, this heaven-sent soul, and, grabbing occasion by the forelock and his friend by the hand: "Hullo, old chap!" he said, more than warmly—broilingly. "I am awfully glad to—to"—with poignant anxiety in his voice—"you haven't dined already, have you?"

"No, not yet," said the heaven-sent soul in some surprise. "I was just strolling towards the West End to get some grub."

"Oh, but you'll have dinner with me—with us. Yes, yes—I insist. Nonsense! I won't accept a 'no.' Not dressed? What does it matter? Who does dress nowadays? We are quite between ourselves—quite a small dinner-party. Come on, old man—come on, or we'll be late!"

The heaven-sent soul was profuse in his thanks, apologies, and protests; but to no avail. Pater was no longer listening, but actually dragging him to his lair to feed!

The introduction to Mater was hurried over and unintelligible—"Of course, my dear, you have often heard me speak of Mr.—Hum—hum."

Now, old chap, will you take Miss Nobleneck in? Miss Nobleneck, this is my old friend, Mr.—Hum—hum. I expect you'll find you have many interests in common."

"Ouf!" thought Pater, as at last he subsided in his chair—he felt he had well earned his dinner.

The lucky fourteenth had not, however, many interests in common with Miss Nobleneck—in fact, he was singularly subdued and silent. Now and then he threw a glance of puzzled interest at his host, but his plate and glass came good second in his attention. Once, indeed, he asked Miss Nobleneck if she had ever been to Sweden—upon her answering she had not, he remarked mysteriously that 'twas there he was taught how to use his thumbs. Miss Nobleneck said "Indeed," and put him down as a sculptor of the Scandinavian School. Under the amiable warmth of good wine the lucky fourteenth became more loquacious, however, and when the ladies had retired he told the men after-dinner stories—some amusing, some merely scandalous, but all of them showing a close intimacy with most of the best-known London people. How Lady Farthingale, for instance, had had a beauty-patch grafted below her left shoulder because Rose Budd, of the Dome Theatre, had one on her most Press-praised back, just when Rose Budd was having her mole removed by electricity. How Lord Doubleaix had a stiletto wound between the third and fourth rib—"brought it back from Italy three years ago, and they say that," etc. How Baron Loyalot had had the profile of his first fiancée tattooed above his heart, and how, when he did marry (not his fiancée though, but a very jealous little lady endowed with millions and a temper), he had the tattooed head altered into that of a Medusa, etc. Once upstairs, the lucky fourteenth was the first to retire. He explained aloud he hoped "the ladies would not mind, but that his job took it out of one." He then shook hands vigorously with everyone, and with each handshake distributed a large card upon which was printed—

"HERCULES HARDWRIST—Masseur."

"Swedish Exercises. Sun-Bath, Pine-Bath, Electric Treatment."

Said Cyril to me, "I hope Mater wasn't too hard on poor Pater—everyone enjoyed it so! Can you imagine anything funnier, Phrynette, than poor old Dad dragging home triumphantly his own masseur?"

"Oh, yes, I can; he might have lassoed his—masseuse!"

The Row is beginning to resume some of its former glories. The motor-car being frowned upon by the authorities, who insist that one must not motor for pleasure, all the virtuous ones—and we are many in war-time (how long is this war going to last?)—drive in the Row behind two horses as once-upon-a-time. One needs to be very *chic* on such occasions, so as not to be confounded with the dowds.

Cousin Clara, who came up last week from Littlehampton and who always owned just such a turn-out, declared condescendingly that at last London was becoming dignified once more. The people on foot also come under her quaint criticism. The width of our skirts meets with her approval—hers had always kept their amplitude—but their shortness puzzled her at first. As she is very shortsighted, she takes all the "props" that show to belong to flappers. "In my time, frocks for growing girls (!) were made with a lot of stuff in the hem, so that one could always let out. Now those skirts are much too short for such big girls (!). I understand they want to make them do (!)—quite proper in war time; but with a nice wide braid all round, now, that would lengthen them nicely (!)."

And, speaking of innocents, I must tell you about Basil and Felicia. 'Tis not they are the innocents of the story, though, of course, they are quite as innocent as any flapper of nineteen and any you of twenty-six have any right to be in these timorous times of ours; but it is Boots, Basil's orderly, who takes the palm for sweet simplicity.

*Voici*: Basil is billeted at Felicia's—yes, he always was a blessed boy! The other day Felicia borrowed a book—not from Smith and Sons!—I believe a married friend lent it to her. It was a French book, Willy's latest in the original. Now, Willy, which is his *nom-de-plume* (I think he adopted it after a week-end spent in England), is one of the naughtiest of novelists in Paris. All the French papas lock him up carefully in the bibliothèque, and all French ingénues sleep with him under their pillow.

Felicia read the book with wide eyes, round mouth, and much amusement. After which, she lent it to Basil, who wanted to perfect

his French. They put their heads together over a difficult word, and hunted the dictionary with the same student's zeal. Yesterday, Basil, having finished the novel and much forwarded his education, looked everywhere for the book, which he meant to return to Felicia. Failing to find it, he asked Boots if he hadn't seen a book "with a cover like this and like that, don't you know—left it last night on the mantel-piece." "Yes, Sir," said the blushing Boots; "I seen it all right. I have 'id it, Sir, because of Miss Felicia. Not that I understood the lingo, but the pictures! Sir, it would never do for the young lady to see them if by any chance (!) she came

accrost of it." Is not that Boots just a dear? Basil and Felicia love him.

When you come up again, don't send Her cut flowers this time. The thing to offer is a dwarf wistaria in glazed pottery of brown or yellow or grey. The delicate mauve of the languid grapes harmonises with any background, and, though she can't pin your gift on her bodice (or what she calls her bodice!) as if it were roses or carnations, yet with care the dwarf plant will last from one leave to the other. And every time she waters it or puts it on the balcony for a little fresh air—why, she'll just have to think of you, while the other chap's lily-of-the-valley will be dead and thrown away to-morrow.



"His aunt was dining in tête-à-tête with him."



"Willy's latest in the original."



"Do not fall on the wrong lady's neck."



# SMALL TALK

THE Duchess of Westminster has escaped to the comparative peace of the war-tossed Continent. Who shall say she enjoyed peace in England? Every day for weeks she was either rehearsing, drinking tea and eating eclairs out of a sense of duty, or attending a fabulous number of charity fêtes. Here she adopted the regular uniform of the hard-working woman—the prettiest frock imaginable, surmounted by a thing she called her “helmet.” The working woman of these times is very fair to look upon; but for herself, she is not seldom relieved when she can get away to surroundings where the duty of looking perfectly happy and very charming is not an essential part of the day’s task.

*The Helmet Brigade.* Such helmets as the Duchess’s are the common wear. Call them “pork-pie hats,” and they sound an abomination. But whatever they sound, and whatever they look on the unsuitable head, they pass muster right enough when Lady Curzon dons them, or when Lady Drogheda fits them into a costume-scheme that makes her look half like a John gipsy, half like a Pisanello warrior. Lady Clonmell, Mrs. Arthur James, and Mrs. Bonham Carter are among other industrious war-workers who have tidied their heads away into this new form of *matinée millinery*.

*Dwellers in Piccadilly.* Piccadilly, very brilliant these days in the early summer sun, and very animated with its thousand lieutenants and their thousand-and-one damsels, is still the place of all places to live in. So thinks Lady Allendale, who has recently arrived there with her daughters.



A BEAUTIFUL PORTRAIT OF A POPULAR LADY:  
THE COUNTESS ISABELLE DE LALAING.

This charming portrait of the daughter of the Count de Lalaing, formerly Belgian Minister at the Court of St. James, is from a clever miniature by Miss Nellie M. Hepburn-Edmunds, R.M.S., and is exhibited in the Royal Academy. The Countess Isabelle was born in Brussels, in 1896.—[Photograph by Dixon.]

The Allendale peerage is a fairly new creation, but Lord and Lady Allendale had already made it important in its kind by their many pre-war entertainments, held in the interests of Liberalism as well as with the gayer and more purely social motive of amusing a world of young people. Lady Allendale has all the talents required of a hostess, and Lord Allendale inherited a fortune sufficient for the needs of a century of brilliant seasons.

## An Old Terror Removed.

The wedding between Mr. Rupert Carington and the Hon. Sybil Colville is, like so many other weddings—Lord Hawke’s, for instance—entirely a church affair. No reception, no invitations, no breakfast—to speak of. The simplicity of such arrangements very much modifies, of course, the disaster

of a postponement, and postponements are not unlooked-for in war-time. “Isn’t it a nuisance? It means I must write half-a-dozen letters,” moaned a young bride-to-be the other day, when she

heard that her fiancé’s leave had been postponed for a whole week. In ordinary times it would have meant a lot more: it would have meant the addressing of at least two hundred and fifty envelopes, as well as a printed confession of failure to bring the wedding off on the appointed day; it would have meant, too, something like two hundred and fifty rumours of estrangement. But now such things are less portentous; and when word went round last week that the marriage of Lady Rose Bowes-Lyon and Commander Leveson-Gower was postponed for a few days nobody so much as dreamed they were justified in troubling the lady with inquisitive messages of sympathy.

## Cushions and Individuality.

To lend furniture is the newest way of being useful to the organisers of amateur *matinées*. Lady Lytton borrowed the other day from Lady Cunard and Mrs. Alan Parsons, and certainly the effect of the costumes she herself designed for her Court ladies in “Ariadne in Mantua” was much enhanced by the beauty of the things they lent her. Lady Cunard owns very swell antiques, and Mrs. Parsons has brought her father’s instinct for fine staging down to date. She has tamed and domesticated his somewhat lavish inclinations in the way of spectacular effect, and is regarded by everybody as a judge in the matter of furnishing. But, perhaps, one day soon we shall be asked to a *matinée* in which the performers will supply their own stock-in-trade—a sofa, these days, is a thing almost as

characteristic of its owner as a frock; and some of our heroines with “personality” might well refuse to be made love to, even in a stage way, on any but their own.

## No. 1 First.

Lord Derby’s flattering allusions to the Prince of Wales made some of the Earl’s friends a trifle uneasy. They remembered (or some of them did) the case of the man who used the same kind of language, only more so, about the present King during the life of his father. The gentleman in question tendered some suggestions on paper which would, he said, make the Prince “the most popular man in the kingdom.” “Thank you for nothing,” said Edward VII., and put the suggestions in the fire. In such matters the question of tact is important.



THE SOLDIER-SON OF PRINCESS HENRY OF BATTENBERG’S PHYSICIAN MARRIED: CAPTAIN DOUGLAS RICE-OXLEY AND HIS BRIDE.

Captain Douglas Rice-Oxley, R.A.M.C., whose marriage to Miss Estelle Miller took place on May 16, is the son of Dr. Alfred James Rice-Oxley, M.A., M.D., Physician to H.R.H. Princess Henry of Battenberg, and Medical Director of her Royal Highness’s Hospital for Wounded Officers. Miss Estelle Miller is the daughter of the late Mr. Mortimer Miller, and of Mrs. Sidgwick.—[Photograph by Vandyk.]



THE DAUGHTER OF VISCOUNT KNOLLYS: THE HON. MRS. ALLAN MACKENZIE, AND HER LITTLE SON. The Hon. Mrs. Allan Mackenzie was the Hon. (Alexandra) Louvima Elizabeth Knollys, daughter of Lord Knollys, for so many years Private Secretary to King Edward when his late Majesty was Prince of Wales, and after he ascended the Throne, and the valued Private Secretary and adviser of Royalty. Captain Allan Mackenzie, Grenadier Guards, is a brother of Sir Victor Mackenzie, of Glen Muick.

Photograph by Thomson.



THE GUARDS AM-AT-IT SOCIETY: AT IT AGAIN!



CYNTHIA AND BLUEBELLA.



COUNT WINCARNIS (O.R. SERGT. P. BROWN, S.G.) AND BEAUTY CHORUS ABOUT TO DRESS CYNTHIA FOR THE BALL.



THE GUARDS AMATEUR DRAMATIC SOCIETY PRODUCE "TOY-TOWN; OR, CINDERELLA STRAFED," AS PLAYED DAILY AT NIGHTLY'S THEATRE! THE CAST.



THE BARON (C.S.M. BURNETT, S.G.) AND THE BARONESS (Q.M.S. SMART, G.G.).



TULIPPA.



COUNT WINCARNIS; CYNTHIA; AND THE PRINCE.

The officers and men at the Guards Division Base Depôt at the Front have a keen sense of humour, as their Amateur Dramatic Society shows prove up to the hilt. We give some illustrations from their latest production, "Toy-Town; or, Cinderella Strafed," by Captain A. F. Clarke Jervoise, the programme of which is a suitable prelude to a wildly funny performance. One can imagine the "screams" which are suggested by a name or two in the cast: "Pansy Pap" (the puny puling polisher of pots and pans)

Sergt. Platt, Grenadier Guards; "Baron Bertie Bangbash" (the henpecked, heckled husband), C.S.M. Burnett, Scots Guards; "Baroness Belinda Bangbash" (The Super Woman, Britain's Next Hope, Group 55), Q.M.Sergt. Smart, Grenadier Guards; and so on, with a Mammoth Super-(annuated) Beauty Chorus of over 80! The performances go with a bang, and in addition to the enjoyment which they afford to the audience, they procure money for the men's messing fund, to provide a few modest "extras" for the menu.





# MOTLEY NOTES



BY KEBLE HOWARD  
("Chicot").

"INVEST ME IN MY MOTLEY : GIVE ME LEAVE TO SPEAK MY MIND."

## "The Real Inventor."

I had a terrible shock on opening a recent number of the *Observer*. Bang in the eye it hit me, that article headed "The Real Inventor of Daylight Saving: Benjamin Franklin's Forecast: Wasted Sunlight: A Six-o'Clock-in-the-Morning Discovery."

Having claimed, not the invention, but the suggestion, myself, you may imagine with what trembling eagerness I read the article. There was a column-and-a-half of it, and not until I had turned the first column did I discover the radical differences between Franklin's suggestion and my own. They are these:

- (1) It never occurred to Franklin to alter the clocks.
- (2) Franklin was quite willing that people should continue to rise early in the winter, whereas I am all for putting the clock back an hour in the winter months.
- (3) Franklin baldly stated that he expected to have the honour of the "invention." In that respect, I was wiser than Benjamin.

For the rest, the letter to the *Paris Journal* is very bright, especially for a gentleman seventy-eight years of age. Yet he must have known that a full-grown man does not require eight hours' sleep, or even seven hours. Franklin wanted the population to go to bed at eight and get up at four. I would amend this as follows—

SUMMER (normal time)—Bed at 12: Rise at 6.

WINTER (normal time)—Bed at 3: Rise at the latest possible moment.

## Another Tremendous Idea.

I have another idea for you to-day, friend the reader. Cut it out, stick it in an album, and your great-grandchildren may secure me a column-and-a-half in the *Observer* one hundred years hence. Like Benjamin Franklin, I have made a discovery. I have discovered that nobody does any work worth having in the afternoon. All work should be done either in the morning or after sunset. Some work must be done at night, but ordinary office-work should be over by two o'clock in the afternoon at latest. All clerks, typists, stenographers, and so forth should be free for the day by two o'clock in the afternoon. They would, of course, begin the day much earlier, and they would work very much harder. They would work, in short, as everybody should work whilst they are at it, with a sort of concentrated fury. I have observed that the average young person in a place of business does not work like that. And why? Because he knows perfectly well that he has eight hours before him in which to do four hours' work.

The system is wrong. Now that all our habits and traditions are in the melting-pot, let us do away with this desultory work. Let us away with long hours in stupid and dull offices. If Mr. Kennedy Jones had hit on this idea, he could have won the Wimbledon election without making a single speech. I can see the poster—

NO MORE LONG HOURS!

VOTE FOR K. J. AND MORNING WORK!

DEATH TO SLAVERY AND STUFFINESS!

ROLL UP AND NOTCH A POINT FOR HEALTH AND HAPPINESS!



THE WIFE OF A POPULAR GUNNER-ACTOR:  
MRS. GODFREY TEARLE.

Mr. Godfrey Tearle, one of the cleverest and most popular of our young actors, is now training as an officer, as a cadet of the Royal Horse Artillery, but is still playing his part in "Tina," at the Adelphi, although he has to leave the matinées to an understudy. Mrs. Godfrey Tearle is that charming young actress, Miss Mary Malone, who is so pleasantly remembered as the pretty lady-typist in "Quinney's."

Photograph by Claude Harris.

## Electioneering.

That's the way to win an election. A Parliamentary candidate should never say anything that has been said before. The people don't want it. It bores them. A poster which repeats itself is so much waste-paper. A speech which repeats itself is so much waste noise. You must have a new idea for every poster, and a dozen new ideas for every speech. If you propose to support the Government of the day, whatever it may be, you must not say so in so many words. All Governments are unpopular two weeks after they have been returned to power. The successful candidate must show that he is going to improve a thousandfold on anything the Government happened to include in their programme. When you are making up a cricket-team—if anybody remembers anything about that ancient and grossly over-rated game—you don't select eleven splendid batsmen. You must have bowlers and a wicket-keep, and

you may even include a man for his fielding. The Parliamentary candidate must impress the electorate with the fact that he has discovered an entirely new method of bowling which will prove quite deadly. Then his place in the team will be assured.

"But," you may object, "he may not have a new method of bowling!"

My dear Sir, you are too ingenuous for this world. In the first place, he will never be put on to bowl, so what on earth does it matter whether he has a new method or not?

"Then why," you ask, "should he want to be in the team?"

Oh, well, that is a very different matter. In all probability, nobody knows, not even the candidate himself.

## The New Profession.

I was called away after writing those important lines to interview a gentleman professionally interested in the science of horticulture. Here is our conversation—

"Good-morning, Sir. I understand that you require a gardener."

"I do. Are you disengaged?"

"Well, it isn't so much that I'm disengaged as that I'm looking round. What sort of work would it be that you wish done?"

"The usual work in a garden. Mowing—"

"Excuse me, Sir, but I never do no mowing. Me heart won't stand it."

"Oh, that's awkward. Still, there's a good deal of planting—"

"Excuse me, Sir, but I can't plant. It's the stooping, you see."

"Can't you stoop at all?"

"Well, no, Sir; not a great deal."

"Perhaps you will kindly tell me what you can do. It might save time."

"Well, Sir"—here he removed his hat and scratched his head, very elegantly, with his little (that is to say, his least large) finger—"I might tie up a rose or two."

"But wouldn't that involve raising the arms?"

A blank expression came over his countenance. "By Gum! I never thought of that! Thank you for mentioning it, Sir."

"I'm afraid we can't do a deal."

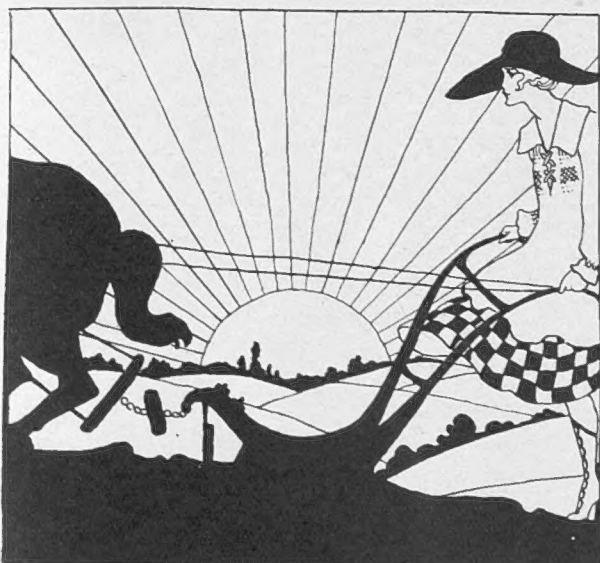
"No, Sir? Ah, well, never mind. Can't be helped. My fare from home and back will be a shilling. . . . Thank you, Sir."



## MORALS OF MACKENZIE: THE GIRLS OF "BLIGHTY."



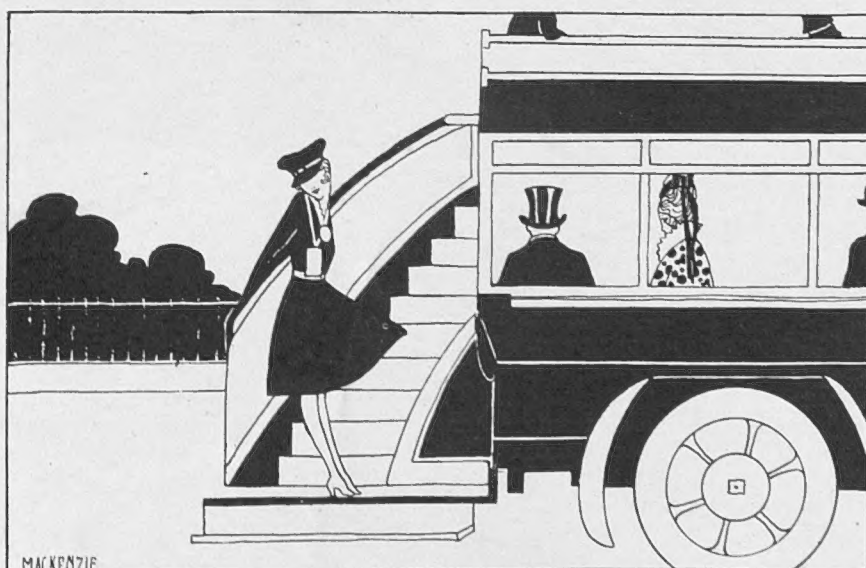
*Thinking of his girl pals, this is how he pictured his leave; —  
— but when he reached home —*



*Gwen & Wenda were working on the land;*



*Daisy, Daphne, & Desirée did dairy-farming;*



*And Candide "conductressed" a 'bus. So, disgruntled and lonely, he hurried back to his dug-out.*





TAXES AND DEADHEADS: BACHELORS AND BATHERS: THE SOLDIER'S DOG.

Half-a-Guinea. I do not suppose that the extra tax on amusement tickets will much affect the average clubman. Personally, I have always rather resented paying half-a-guinea instead of ten shillings for a stall, for it means, in times of peace, fumbling in two pockets instead of one to find a half-sovereign and a sixpence, or getting a great load of silver as change from a sovereign. It is very much the same in war-time, for I generally find when I am opposite the window of a box-office that I have only one-pound notes in my note-case, and no sixpences in my pocket. To pay eleven shillings or eleven-and-six will be little more annoying than paying half-a-guinea. No doubt, if I were the father of a large family—which, thank goodness, I am not—I should find the extra tax mount up; but a bachelor has much to be thankful for in these days of stress.

**The Bachelors' Tax.** I always feel pleased and a little surprised when year after year the bachelors and the cats escape the claws of the Chancellor of the Exchequer. The married men get certain exemptions, and good luck to them; but no financier hitherto has been bold enough to levy a fine on the bachelors because they dare to remain unmarried. The bachelors have been conscripted in person before the married men were called upon, and it would be real hard lines if their wealth—those who have any—were conscripted as well.

The Dead-Heads. The dead-heads have been most tenderly dealt with in the new bill, and I am quite sure that all managers will thoroughly approve of this, for if the dead-head were obliged to pay the extra tax he would not only have a grievance ready to his hand, but he would think that his payment of a shilling or sixpence gave him the right to preferential treatment, and he would be very haughty indeed if he were put in a seat where he did not have a good view. If he had to pay for a programme as well, he would accuse the manager of robbing him. It will be a trial to the dead-head that his ticket has to be marked very plainly to show that it is a complimentary one; but even *he* must put up with inconveniences in war-time.

Those Bathers. It will comfort those enthusiasts who bathe every morning the whole year round in the Serpentine to know that they will not be subject to the tax. It would be the height of cruelty to a youth who, on Christmas Day, has broken the ice in order to have his open-air bath that a Park official should approach him as he stands, blue with cold, trying to dry himself, and should tell him that he must pay a halfpenny amusement tax for his dip. On the other hand, it seems to me quite unfair that people paying to see a swimming gala should have their tickets taxed, while the obese visitors at southern watering-places are allowed to look

at lady bathers through binocular glasses without any charge of any kind being levied from them.

"Spot." It must have almost broken General Townshend's heart to leave behind him at Kut his terrier, Spot. Spot has been taken down to the base, and no doubt will come home to England with his two friends, Peggy and Diamond, who belong to General Melliss, another young General whose career in Mesopotamia has been most brilliant. Wherever "Charlie" Townshend is, whether he be in Bagdad or on his way to Constantinople, I warrant that he feels the lack of the companionship of the little fox-terrier who has been with him throughout the campaign, and that, when the wheel of fortune turns and the gallant young General comes home a free man, Spot will be amongst the first to welcome him.

**Officers' Dogs.** A fox-terrier, in nine cases out of ten, is the dog that a soldier officer keeps as a companion. They are everything that an officer's dog should be—plucky, clean, hardy—and they take up very little room in a boat or a dog-cart, or a limber or in a wagon. They enjoy a march, and they live on what there is to spare from their master's rations. On a very cold night a fox-terrier generally finds space for himself in his master's sleeping-bag, and in action they offer an extraordinarily small target to the bullets of the enemy. What breed of dog the British commissioned fighting man affected before fox-terriers were bred I do not know. Probably the best known General's dog of history was Prince Rupert's dog, which went everywhere with him in peace and war. The Royalists called the dog "the four-footed Cavalier." The Parliamentarians had a shorter name for him—"The Devil." I rather fancy that this dog was a stag-hound, and I have a faint memory of a picture of the faithful animal—a shaggy-looking fellow with very long legs.



The page from "The Sketch" of Dec. 15 here reproduced has been sent from the front, as a war-souvenir, to the original of the portrait, Miss Hélène Williams. It survived a fire caused by German shells, as described on the page opposite.

"Tommy's" Dog. The dog most beloved by that good fellow, Thomas Atkins, is generally a mongrel. I have known bulldogs and bull-terriers and retrievers as the pets of the barrack-room, but the usual type of the men's dogs are good-natured, intelligent mongrels who have appeared from nowhere in particular and have attached themselves to sections or platoons or companies. A barrack dog must be able to hold his own in a dog-fight, and he must be on friendly terms with all his many masters. If he shows a coldness towards men of other companies, so much the better; and that he should growl at all civilians is accounted a great virtue. He knows all the bugle-calls that affect him, and, after a first attempt or two to attend parades with his company, he watches from a distance on all ceremonial occasions, but is in the firing-line in all field exercises.



A BILLET AND A *BILLET*: HÉLÈNE OF THE MACHINE-GUNS.

*Proof Against German Shells and Spared by the Flames:  
Miss Hélène Williams, of the Gaiety.*

Miss Hélène Williams, of the Gaiety, recently received the following letter from a sergeant machine-gunner: "We are enclosing you herewith a photograph of yourself, which has been decorating our billet for some considerable time. Strange to say, the boys had just come up from the trenches for their two-days' rest when the Furies sent a few shells clean through the thatched roof and set the place on fire. Of course, we all had to clear, and fortunately no one was injured. However, on returning to the old home next morning, we found the only wall standing was

the one on which your picture was hung, and that same was untouched. Hoping you will keep this in remembrance of the boys of the Machine-Gun Section of the 17th King's Liverpool Regiment, B.E.F. Cheeroh!" The portrait in question—a page from "The Sketch" of Dec. 15—with the signatures of the gallant gunners written on it, is reproduced opposite. For comparison, we give here a new portrait of Miss Williams, now appearing in "To-night's the Night." In December she was in "Now 's the Time," at the Alhambra.—[Photograph by Malcolm Arbuthnot.]



# CROWNS CORONETS COURTIER

EVEN an Incorporated Stage Society audience was a trifle abashed by parts of Congreve's "Double Dealer." But we may take it that the report that Mr. Bernard Shaw was seen to blush in his box is incorrect; and if a couple of Guardsmen left Lady Constance Stewart-Richardson's, with Lady Constance to see them off, before the end of the performance, it may be concluded that they had important trains to catch. Lady Constance, by the way, gave a delightful performance at the Margaret Morris Theatre in Chelsea on Saturday. First she lectured us on the necessity of physical culture for children, then she did her plastic exercises, then danced; and the whole thing was as refreshing, after powder-puffy revues, as a sea-bathe.

"Can't Say, Don't Know." Lady Dunsany, I see in the papers, returned to Ireland the other day; but there is no further news published concerning her husband's whereabouts. He rather enjoys the secrecy of Army life. "I can't tell you where I'm going," he wrote to a friend some time back. "Firstly, because it would be a breach of discipline if I did so; secondly, because I don't know." And a more recent communication ended: "Any well-informed spy can probably tell you of our movements, so of such things I say nothing." The rest of the page, I need hardly mention, was devoted to the things that really matter—to poetry and poets. Of such stuff are made our soldiers—and good soldiers too.

The Bed of the River. Two or three weeks ago a large party of Canadians, very weary, arrived in London from the front. They came in the evening, and the authorities proudly detailed them off to their sleeping-quarters. Nobody, except the men concerned, seemed to notice that about a hundred of them were left over. These, let it be said to our shame, spent the night on the Embankment—"the bed of the river," as one of them put it. The curious thing is that, when beds ran short, the men were not given the freedom of some building with a decent floor, so that they could at any rate have had a roof over their devoted heads. Even Burlington House would have been better than the open. There they would have slept, if not under canvas, at least among canvases, with an occasional sofa for the lance-corporals.

Lady Rosabelle Bingham, who is marrying Captain J. C. Brand, is a youthful survivor of the old Stafford House days—before the heart was taken out of it and the curios stuffed in instead. While Stafford House lost its heart in the dismal sense of being turned from a house into a museum, the Duchess lost

hers, in a happy way, to her Major; and now her charming niece is following her example. The example of a much-admired aunt who managed to fall head over heels in love even in the stress of the war, and during unexampled hospital exertions, is one not to be ignored. Lady Rosabelle's first husband, Lieutenant Bingham, was killed at the very beginning of hostilities, and since then the young widow has given her time to the wounded.

For the Royal Collection. The best specimen of a rebel flag taken in Dublin was the one that flew over the Post Office. After coming into the hands of an officer and being the pride of the mess for a single night, it disappeared. "I've given it away," apologised the officer when questioned about its whereabouts. "You had no right to do that. You'll get into a devil of a row, old man—I can tell you that for a fact; and then your fair friend will have to disgorge her perquisite, when all's said and done," ran on the other. "You're wrong again," said the flag-man. "I sent it to the King, because he asked for it."

Links and the Minx. The new "chain" system for capturing you for charity performances leaves you no loop-hole of escape. At a recent Drury Lane matinée Lady Diana Manners and Lady Londesborough sold, not programmes, mark you, but tickets for the Duchess of Marlborough's Russian concert. If you can afford one, why not another?—"and in a better cause," as the unblushing damsels are fond of putting it. You are caught in the act, and committed to another; you are like the criminal whose previous convictions involve him in a continuous series of sentences. The only thing to do under these circumstances is to be generous, and give your next ticket to a friend!

Those Lady Clonmell, whose Tournaments. calls to the front have become less insistent than they used to be, and who is now absorbed in propaganda at home, has been forced to postpone the bridge tournament which she and Muriel Lady Helmsley have arranged for the Holiday Crèche and Milk Hostels fund. The new date is June 8; the hours three in the afternoon till midnight. Imagine a blazing June day and a serene June night spent over cards! It carries one's mind back to the absurdity of Monte Carlo, with the stars and the Mediterranean ignored, and the tables crowded. For Lady Coghlan's tournament last Thursday the sun came out in utter splendour; and the players went into the Ritz punctually at three. All praise to them. To patriotism was added self-denial in such glorious weather.



IN THE PARK: CAPTAIN AND MRS. PATRICK DE BATHE.

Our photograph shows Captain and Mrs. Patrick de Bathe in Hyde Park. Mrs. Patrick de Bathe was Miss Violet Lindsay Wood, daughter of the late Mr. Nicholas Wood, sometime M.P. for Durham County, Houghton-le-Spring Division. Captain de Bathe is brother of Sir Hugo de Bathe, fifth Baronet, who married Mrs. Langtry.

Photograph by Topical.



IN THE PARK: MR. STEAR, LADY MOSS, AND THE RIGHT HON. ALEXANDER CARLISLE, P.C.

The welcome glimpses of the sun brought many well-known people into the Park last week, and the Row made quite a good show of riders for a war-time "season," most of the men, of course, being in khaki. Among the pedestrians were many little groups of friends, as shown in our photograph of Mr. Stear, Lady Moss, and the Right Hon. Alexander Montgomery Carlisle, P.C.

Photograph by Topical.



## IN THE PARK: SOCIETY ENJOYS THE SUMMER-LIKE WEATHER.



LADY ROSEMARY LEVESON-GOWER, AND LORD HERBERT VANE-TEMPEST.



THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF SOMERSET.



MAJOR GORE AND LADY GRAHAM-MONTGOMERY.



EARL GREY WITH HIS DAUGHTER, LADY EVELYN JONES.

Lady Rosemary Leveson Gower is the only sister of the Duke of Sutherland, and was born in 1893. Lord Herbert Vane-Tempest is the uncle of the Marquess of Londonderry.—The Duke of Somerset is the fifteenth holder of the title, and bore the Orb at the Coronations of King Edward VII. and King George V. The Duchess of Somerset is well known for her interest in philanthropic works, and is a Lady of

Justice of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem in England.—Major Gore is accompanied by Lady Graham-Montgomery, and Earl Grey is with his daughter, who was formerly Lady Evelyn Alice Grey, and was married in 1912 to Mr. Lawrence Evelyn Jones, barrister-at-law, the eldest son of Sir Lawrence John Jones, fourth Baronet, of Cranmer Hall, Norfolk.—[Photographs by Topical.]



## TRAINING.



FIRST NUT: I say, ol' man, how are you getting on with that girl you were so keen about?  
 SECOND NUT: Top hole, old chap. The dog has stopped biting me when I call.

DRAWN BY A. E. HORNE.



THE DOWAGER DUCHESS: Has—aw—the Windsor train gone?  
 THE TICKET-NIPPER: Yes, Madam.  
 THE DOWAGER DUCHESS: Then would you—aw—please call me another?

DRAWN BY A. E. HORNE.



## DUNBAR - KENNEDY : A WEDDING OF TO - DAY.



A SCOTTISH - AMERICAN UNION : MISS SOPHIA KENNEDY AND SIR GEORGE ALEXANDER DRUMMOND DUNBAR, Bt.

Miss Sophia Kennedy, whose marriage to Sir George Dunbar is arranged to take place to-day (May 24), is the charming daughter of Mr. James Benson Kennedy, of New York, and Inverness House, Porchester Terrace, W. Sir George Dunbar, of Durn, Banffshire, is the eighth Baronet, and was born in 1879. He is in the

Union of South Africa Civil Service. The family is lineally descended from James, fourth Earl of Moray, by Isabel Innes, and so from John, first Earl of Moray, who married Marjorie, daughter of Robert II., King of Scots, the first of the Stuart Kings.—[Photographs by Rita Martin and Langfrier.]



## Economical War-time Dishes.



Observe the  
signature thus:-

*Lea & Perrins*

in white across  
the red label on  
every bottle.

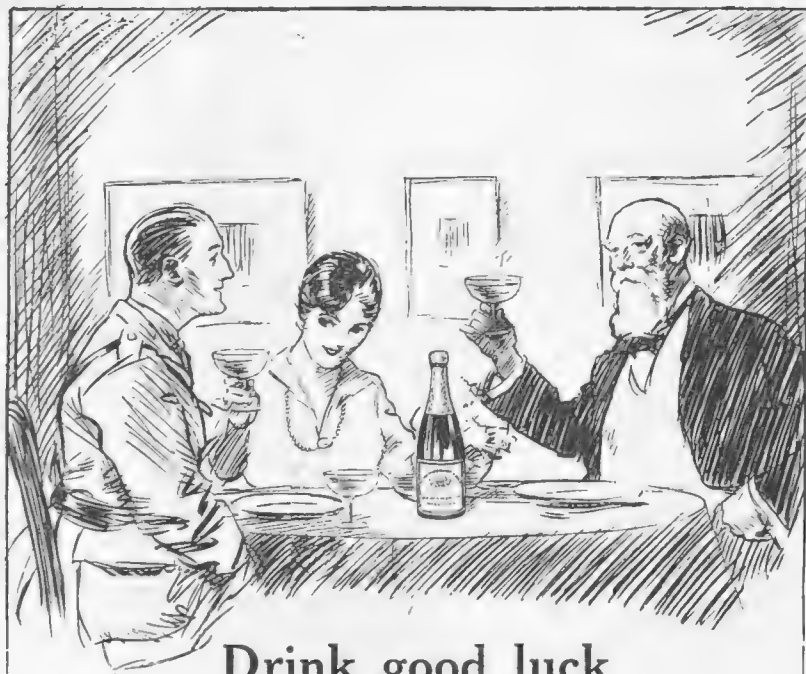
The original and genuine  
WORCESTERSHIRE.

Plain, inexpensive fare, such as Cold Meat, Made Dishes, &c., can be rendered pleasing and appetizing by the addition of **LEA & PERRINS' SAUCE**.

Owing to the **QUALITY** and concentration of its ingredients, a little of this sauce goes a long way, and it is therefore most **ECONOMICAL** in use.

*The road of to-morrow is  
already saying, "Arrol-Johnston."*

**ARROL-JOHNSTON**



### Drink good luck

in a glass of sparkling, bubbling, fragrant Cider. Every bottle of Bulmer's Champagne Cider takes at least two years in maturing, being made by identically the same process as the French sparkling wine.

WARDS OFF GOUT AND RHEUMATISM.

# BULMER'S CHAMPAGNE CIDER

DELICIOUS TO THE LAST DROP

The cheapest of all good drinks.

ITS SALE REDUCES IMPORTS.

Write for free illustrated  
booklet to Manufacturers:

H. P. BULMER & CO., HEREFORD.

Wholesale London and Export Agents:  
Findlater, Mackie, Todd & Co., Ltd.,  
London Bridge, S.E.



The 'Soros' Shoe illustrated is a Patent Court Shoe, turn sole, Louis heel, Style S401, price 18/6. Also in black Suede, glaze or black Satin.

## The Height of Fashion & the Mould of Form

**S**TYLE in shoe-making is an elusive thing and can be attained only by concentration tinged with inspiration. The 'line' of the foot has inspired the greatest sculptors. What, then, more fitting than that the makers of 'Soros' should evolve a shoe which accentuates the beauty of that foot? And Fashion's whim is that shoes shall be seen—good news for wearers of 'Soros', who in "hobble" days rejoiced at their perfect comfort but saw the pity of hiding their beauty.

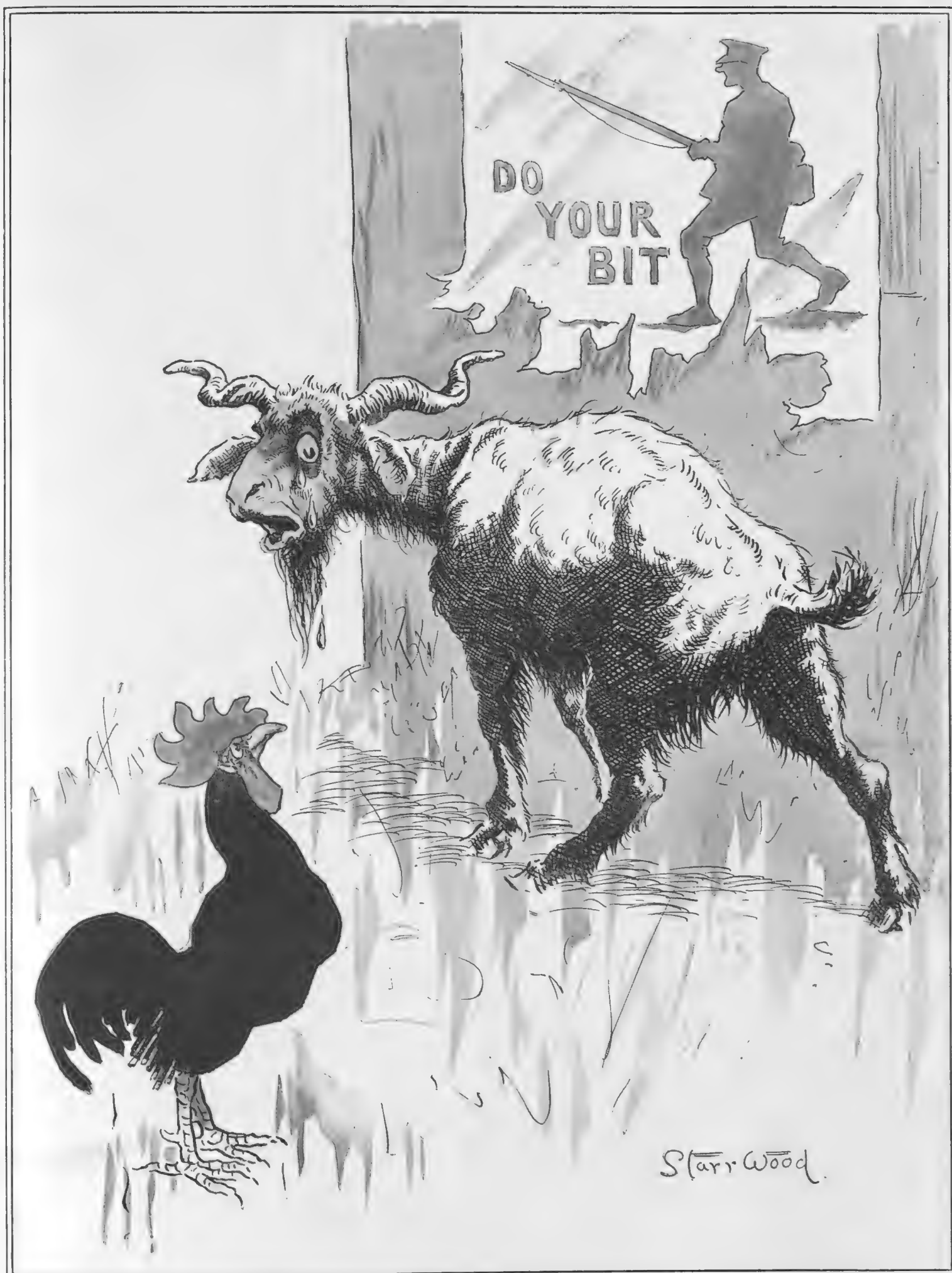
# SOROSIS

*The World's Finest*

Send for the Spring Fashion Book to Soros Shoe Store, Regent House, 233 Regent St., London, W.



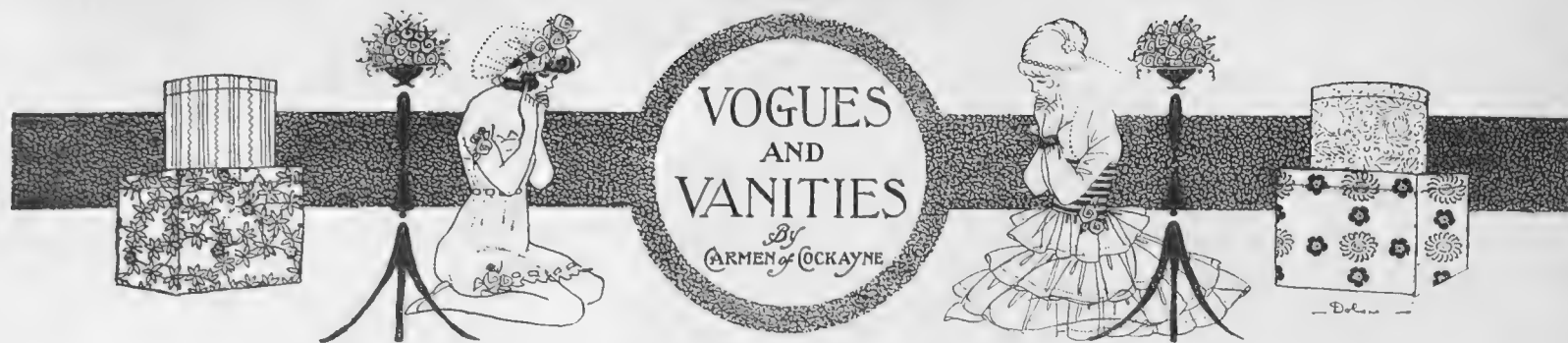
THE BITER BIT.



THE COCK: Hullo, Billy! What's the matter?

THE GOAT: Matter? I've eaten a lot of recruiting poster and a packet of peace pamphlets, and the row going on inside is something awful!

DRAWN BY STARR WOOD.



### The Evolution of the "Tea" Frock.

The war has invested the tea-gown with a new importance, and enlarged for all time the sphere of that useful garment. In ordinary times it was a luxury accessible only to those whose outlay on dress was governed by their whims rather than the limitations of their purse. But now the peace-time luxury has become the war-time necessity. Besides being one of the commonplaces of a woman's wardrobe, the "tea-frock," which is the up-to-date version of the tea-gown, is one of the most subtly attractive creations in the realm of feminine dress. No longer are its usefulness and suitability restricted to the confines of the boudoir and the bedroom. It braves the full glare of publicity with an assurance born of the knowledge that the very best brains have been employed in designing it and the choicest materials used in its manufacture.

### Ease Without "Floppiness."

Gone are the days when the tea-gown was a mass of "floppiness." The appearance of the woman of action definitely marked the disappearance of the more or less inchoate multitude of draperies put together without reference to the "lines" of the human form divine. Not that the woman of to-day is indifferent to comfort. Far from it.

But her hours of freedom are far too precious to be wasted in corsetless lethargy in the privacy of her own apartments. Relaxation of some sort is, of course, necessary after hours of strenuous—and often very dull—labour. All work and no play would speedily transform the many and various brands of "Sister Susies" in the kingdom into very dull people indeed. That, however, is the last thing on earth the men for whom they work so devotedly would wish.

Rest and refreshment are essential, but there is no reason why they should be sought away from the haunts of men.

### Keep the Bridge Cards Playing.

On the contrary, bridge and the theatre still play quite a prominent part in life, and there are other distractions which, if not highly exhilarating, at least help to keep at bay the deadly monotony that would result if social amenities

were entirely annihilated. This is just where the tea-frock comes in. The demand for the elaborate evening-dress is, we know, comparatively limited. The tea-frock, on the other hand, gains more admirers every day. It provides a welcome and very becoming change from the canteen overall and the drab utility of khaki, accommodates itself to such mild forms of social excitement as are still left to us; and is, in short, the direct outcome of woman's demand for a form of dress that, while conforming to fashion, should save time and trouble.



Tea-boots are the natural complement of the tea-frock. These are of satin topped with tulle, and have invisible fastenings. The ribbon tags are finished with flowers.

### The Tea-Frock and Posterity.

Like the Government, which wicked Mr. Bowles compared to a mule, the tea-frock is without pride of ancestry. After all, the tea-gown, from which it has been evolved, is a garment of recent origin. Unlike our much-criticised Cabinet, however, it has great hope of posterity, for its popularity is firmly established, and it is busy creating traditions of beauty and

grace for the guidance of its successors in the future. Variety is the keynote of the tea-frock; and variety, it has been said, is the principal ingredient in beauty. For Fashion's latest pet is a most adaptable affair. It may be of silk or satin, of gorgeous brocade or gossamer tulle, flounced or frilled or "panniered," or simple and soft and clinging; for Fashion, stern in some respects, smiles indulgently on the transgression of rules and regulations when it comes to the making of tea-frocks, which revel in joyous colour-schemes, and, by the way, do not always live up to their name.

### Distinction, Not Indifference.

If it is not slavishly subservient to the mode and its mood, neither is the tea-frock wholly indifferent to accepted conventions, as the models on this page show. Dolores sketched them in Marshal and Snelgrove's salons in Oxford Street, where this particular form of dress in all its phases is made the subject of careful study. The one on the right, as demure and dainty a creation as was ever made, yields, as you see, to fashion on the score of width, but for the rest strikes out an unusually straight line for itself. Made of palest flesh-pink Ninon, the bands of pink satin ribbon on the skirt are veiled in slightly gathered "casers" of fine needle-run lace. The ceinture is of ribbon too, and the lace collar, cut square at the back, narrows in front to fichu-like points. Shot apple-green satin is the mainstay of the other model, which, stiffened with baleine at the hem, has a somewhat wider outlook on life than its companion. A fold of satin forms half the bodice. The other half, together with the sleeves, is of Ninon; and décolletage and sleeves alike are outlined with a narrow band of tiny gold beads. The sleeveless coat worn over this is an entirely separate affair. It begins life in the nothingness of ninon, but finishes as printed chiffon richly brocaded with gold—a happy change that provides a welcome colour-accent. These sleeveless coats, by the way, are a feature of a great many of these "frocks," and are carried out in all sorts of materials of Oriental design and colouring, and edged with gold or silver insertion by way of trimming.



A boudoir cape of net that suggests a surplice, till you see the flowers which garland the neck.



The charm of shot apple-green satin, and Ninon and gold brocaded chiffon of Oriental design and hue, is the charm of the tea-frock sketched on the left. The other is of pink chiffon; its name is "Youth."

theatre still play quite a prominent part in life, and there are other distractions which, if not highly exhilarating, at least help to keep at bay the deadly monotony that would result if social amenities



## THE DAY AFTER THE SUMMER-TIME BILL WORKED!



THE BRIDE OF A DAY: Look, Jack! It's two o'clock, and yesterday at this time it was one!  
THE BRIDEGROOM: Yes, darling; and yesterday at this time we were two, and now we're one!

DRAWN BY WILL OWEN.



# A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL

## Phillip in Particular. IX.—Harold.

By W. DOUGLAS NEWTON.

PHILLIP moved off at the muted double and in echelon from Harold, and landed in the lap of the Brass Hat. Daresay you've met Harold. Harold's a Wanter-Knower. Harold's a fact-chaser. Harold spends his days getting on top of things, and underneath things, and all round them and inside them. And then he goes to bed and does it all over again in his dreams. All the things that Harold Wants to Know are written in all the books of the world, and some of them aren't. But Harold's after them all the same.

Harold—a little stubby man with Intensive Intelligence written all over him—when met, immediately and automatically asks, "I say, could you tell me whether a Subaltern should wear cow-hair or porpoise-hide laces in his trench boots while he is in billets?" or, "What I want to know is whether the sub-soil of Flanders is, geologically speaking, don't you know, of the Plasticene or of Nefarious era?" or "Look here, say you and a Brigadier are travelling upwards on the impulse of a John Johnson, do you salute him while going up or coming down?"

Dear Harold, you know him well, I wot.

Well, there was Harold, half-an-hour before the "Leave" train left Victoria, extracting enormous chunks of information from all over the Suburban Side and half the Main Line platforms. He had rushed at Phillip, bit him, and hung on. Phillip (perhaps I ought to remind you of his two "I's" and it's being said slow) had Staff tabs about him, and was therefore supposed to be so full of knowledge that he carried surplus chunks of it rolled in his camp-bed. Harold, biting hard, extracted and extracted. Harold let me tell you, had not been to War before, and all the things he Wanted to Know about it couldn't be crowded into Harridge's.

Phillip was not so charmed as he might have been. He entangled Harold in a ginger-ale and a swimming-bath bun, and echeloned. While Harold's vocabulary was blocked by bun, Phillip said—

"As you were, old man, for a minute or two—got to see a dog about a man," and then he vanished. He streaked across the station, located the train by the "leave" men who were trying to avoid it. Slid along the length of it, and bounded into the most retiring carriage he could spot. The Brass Hat's lap was in that.

Brass Hats are not always perceptible. This one was of the Heard but not much to be Seen group. A small Brass Hat with a powerful manner this one, and he loosed the powerful manner directly Phillip sat. It was not merely that Phillip was an inconvenience in any lap, or that Phillip's left rear heel had made its mark on the most endearing of the Brass Hat's corns (the one he called Julia, after his wife), it was also because he had views

about juniors—powerful views, like his mode of expression. He thought juniors too young. He thought juniors too boisterous, too animally sprightly, too inclined to talk. This Brass Hat had fought at Preston Pans, and he liked to be left in the leisured, and sanctified silence of his tender memories. . . . Juniors were always butting in. . . .

He spoke his mind. Phillip butted out. The Brass Hat had a way. Phillip, when he heard the Brass Hat, knew exactly how Jove did the thunderbolt business, and Phillip was wise. He found another carriage in that corridor. And he sat. And he pulled himself together. Then he smiled sadly. Then he pushed most of himself through his carriage window, exposed himself to the public platform.

A lethal thing to do. Harold was out and biting. Harold was bound to see him. But Phillip was made of fine stuff. Why should he not be generous to Harold?

In time Harold came along the train—Harold wandering like a khaki bee, extracting honey from every possible flower. Phillip saw him attach himself to M.P. men, asking them how one M.P.'d. Phillip saw him walk up to a Sergeant of One of His Majesty's Regiments of Guards—walk up to him without blenching and turning pale, mark you. And he heard him ask: Why it was His Majesty's Regiment of Guards saluted like that? Were they deaf, or did they want to scratch themselves?

And in time Harold reached Phillip.

Harold, with the Summer Sale at Great Reductions look on his face, rushed splendidly at Phillip.

"Wanted to know where you had got to, old thing," he beamed. "Something I wanted to know. About trenches now—?"

"I always wear my spotty muslin in the first line, and cashmere socks to keep out the clay," said Phillip intelligently. "Cashmere is a great de-clayerisher. . . ."

"It wasn't quite that," said Harold, only partially blunted. "It's this: Does one turn to the left or the right when one comes out of the communication ditch? I shouldn't like the men I'm leading to think—"

Phillip looked down at him with a kindly look.

"Strange that you should ask that," he said softly. "Very strange."

"Something in it?" gurgled Harold, delighted to have made a hit.

Well, rather; you see, there is the very man here to tell you all about it. Oh, the very man."

"I wantner find him at once," snapped Harold the omnivorous, his very Sam Browne bristling with eagerness.

"Three carriages to the rear," said Phillip. "Go into that one. There is a Brass Hat in there. He is alone. Cling to him. No man south of Douglas Haig can give you more acute and practical

[Continued overleaf.]



IN CHARGE OF A COAL-STORE AT THE CHARITY CALEDONIAN MARKET IN JUNE: LADY MARKHAM.

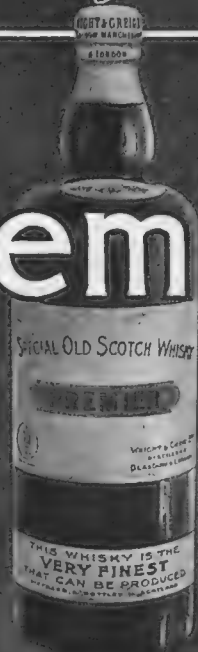
Lady Markham, wife of Sir Arthur B. Markham, Bt., a Questioner-in-Chief to the House of Commons, was Miss Lucy Cunningham, and is the daughter of Captain A. B. Cunningham, formerly R.A. Her husband is a director of several important colliery concerns. Her daughter bears the charming, if unusual name, Joyous.

Photograph by Sarony.



# The Whisky de Luxe

## "Premier"



Of many fine whiskies, the finest.

Possesses a delicate flavour and bouquet which will give you a new appreciation of Scotch Whisky.

Wright & Greig, Ltd.,  
distillers of  
"RODERICK DHU."

## DISTINCTIVE STYLES IN SPORTS COATS

JAY'S LTD. are showing a large stock of Knitted Silk and Wool Coats in the latest fashionable shapes and shades suitable for all kinds of Sports, and also for indoor and outdoor wear.

There is at present a marked demand for Sports Coats suitable for indoor wear, similar to the garment illustrated, which are stocked in a wide range of smart colours.

*Jays' Ltd*  
REGENT STREET W.

A very becoming Sports Coat in fine open-stitch Wool, White ground and Rose, Helio, Navy and Pale Blue Stripes. Fashionable Buckle Belt ... 42/-

## WOOL HOSE FOR GOLF OR SHOOTING

The fashion for short, wide skirts necessitates the wearing of smart Hosiery. Jays' are now offering the latest idea in Heavy Wool Hose in mixed checks for Golf or Shooting per pair 8/6

## Charles Packer & Co

GOLDSMITHS & SILVERSMITHS

### MILITARY BADGE BROOCHES

15-ct. GOLD & ENAMEL,  
all £2 2 0 each.



The Royal Engineers.



The Highland Light Infantry.

All these Brooches are finely modelled in 15-ct. Gold.

Illustrated Catalogue of Badge Brooches sent free on request.



The Royal Artillery.



The Royal Irish Regiment.



The East Surrey Regiment.

Illustrations show actual size of Brooches.

Money returned in full if not approved



The Royal Flying Corps.

Badge of every regiment in stock.

Can be supplied by return.



The Shropshire Light Infantry.



The Royal West Kent Regiment.

Special Designs and Estimates submitted for Regimental Badge Brooches, set with Diamonds and other Gems, from £6 6 0 to £25 0 0

76 & 78 REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.

## PRACTICAL WASH BLOUSES FOR WOMEN WORKERS

Dainty, refined and useful. Made from strong, white spot, muslin that can be recommended to stand hard wear and to wash thoroughly well. Made by our workers and adapted from an exclusive Paris Model.

SPECIAL PRICE

15/9

In our special outside, 18/9

In thick Japanese Silk, 18/9

In good Crêpe-de-Chine, in white and hydrangea colourings, 21/9

Sent on approval.

Blouse Catalogue post free.

**Debenham & Freebody**

Wigmore Street,  
(Cavendish Square) London, W.

Famous for over a Century  
for Taste, for Quality, for Value



information on all topics. We segregate him in a special chateau, like a library. When we want anything we just turn him up—metaphorically, of course—and there you are, he's got it pat and lucid. Oh, a wondrous man—just your kind of man."

"Three carriages to the rear—good," cried Harold in a brave voice. He put his shoulders back. "Oh, very good."

Phillip stopped him as he was about to form himself up and march off.

"But be wise. Be careful. Difficult fellers to handle, these brains. First place, don't rush him. Don't let him know you

think him the Child's Guide to Knowledge. Don't give yourself away. Go in. Sit down. Say nothing—until the train's well away; then you have him at your mercy—then you can tackle him hard and low. Second place, don't let him put you off. Persist and persist, and yet persist—as Danton, or possibly Pemberton Billing, might have said. Don't be misled by any little harshness of the man. It's his natural modesty and coyness. It's his humble way of saying, 'Well, really, old sport, I don't know much.' You know the way the great ones dissemble."

"Oh, certainly," muttered Harold. "I rather believe I'm a strong, silent one myself."

"You'll be an ideal pair. Wish I could come with you and sit at the trench-boots of knowledge, but I have to pass rather a severe examination in Grand Slam this run."

Harold waved his hand to the porter who was staggering under his portable (nickel-plated) trench picnic hamper, his portable trench asbestos sleeping-hut, his portable twice-reinforced Bessemer-finished trench redoubt, and several other packages, and made for the third compartment to the rear.

Phillip seemed to see the air going a trifle vermilion as the brave lad packed himself and his various trifles into the Brass Hat's holy calm. But Harold was of the stuff of heroes. Harold stuck it. The train started, and Harold had not been flung, a pulped and filleted wreck, upon the platform. Phillip settled down with Egbert and others to the stiff exam. of the Grand Slam.

Harold was certainly of the genre of Jackson (he of the Stonewall, not F. S.). When Phillip wandered along the corridor to see the view, Harold was at it. Harold, perspiring gently, and with that beatific look familiar to all lions who have interviewed martyrs in the Roman Coliseum, was Wanting to Know. Phillip heard his gluey voice demanding—

"And, if I found the German Crown Prince at the end of my bayonet—completely at my mercy, you know, Sir—would I have to employ his full title in calling on him to surrender, or would just 'Hands up, you Dirty Dog,' be permissible?"

Phillip paused. There should be a sparkling answer to that one. But the Brass Hat didn't answer. He crackled. He was reading the *Illustrated London News* at a range certainly on the wrong side of 6/24—that is, he was using it not as an article of amusement or instruction, but as a block-house. And he crackled. Phillip could see the blue sparks shooting out all over him. Phillip could see the dynamic fervour piling up an enormous voltage. Presently he would be retorting in his kindly manner . . .

Next time trench warfare was over. The Brass Hat had taken up the war of movement.

Harold was bleating with pale and determined lips—

"But really a young Subaltern wants to know everything he wants to know, you know, or—or how is he to know, you know?"

And the Brass Hat was saying with a cold but awful venom—

"A young Subaltern be—be censored. A young vacuum-cleaner. That's it, a double-censored young vacuum-cleaner,

that's your rank, Sir! Talking to me . . . like . . . like . . . an infant idiot. What do you take me for, Sir? What in the officers' training corps do you take me for, Sir? A patent feeding-bottle, Sir? Or—or a peptonised edition of 'Tit-Bits for Tempy's'?"

Phillip would have liked to remain on and attain wisdom, but the Grand Slam exam. was very severe.

And then, a few miles outside the little town of Somewhere-on-the-Coast, he had his final vision of Harold in the den of Daniel. Harold was Huddled. Harold was crouched in a corner away from the sparks. Harold was doing his best to keep his British warm from catching alight from the hot stuff that issued from out the Brass Hat's lips.

The Brass Hat was in furious blast. Phillip only caught a stray flame or two, but it was sizzling.

"See the Medical Board, Sir, that's it . . . I'll see the Medical Board about you. I'll have your brain taken off and put under something powerful, Sir! There's something wrong about it, Sir. Something gangrenous. . . . You want an operation, Sir. You're fundamentally 'quiffy,' Sir! You're all wrong. Asking questions like a penny-in-the-slot machine . . . 'Should one keep one's right glove on or off during a preliminary bombardment?' God bless my soul, that's raving—that's sheer, jellified softness of the cerebrum. . . . Nothin' like it, Sir . . . I've heard nothin' like it. Are you doin' it for a bet, or did you grow up like that? . . . It's a vice, Sir . . . it's worse than drink, Sir! It's sheer babbling, sloppy, watery lunacy, Sir! It's too mad to be insane. . . . A Medical Board, Sir . . . that's the only thing for you! . . . And a Board of Trained Monthly Nurses too! . . . Of all the explosive, detonative, T.N.T. idiots, Sir, you're . . ."

And Harold Huddled. Harold was beat. Harold was reduced to blinking.

A very limp Harold on the quayside. A Harold talking to Embarkation Officers as though they were quite ordinary men and not strolling Encyclopædias. Harold was very qualified.

He seemed to avoid Phillip, but Phillip was not to be avoided.

He met him at the gangway. And he said—

"How do, Harold?"

And Harold answered—"Hur-yump!" and looked on Phillip's perfect clothes with a frightful eye.

"Good run down?" asked Phillip, with the smile of a young and ingenuous cherub.

Harold pulled himself together.

"Goo' run down . . . be . . . ! Look here, you Hun, I want to know . . . ?"

And then he gulped and blinked at the fateful words.

"You want to know?"

"I don't. I don't want to know anything. I never will want to know anything. I hate to know anything. I loathe wanting to know things.

How any man in his senses can want to know. . . . Well, what I was about to say was—I think we'll have a good crossing."

"I think we will too," said Phillip cheerily. And they did. Harold did not make it sickly. Harold had been cured.

THE END.



ENGAGED TO MR. GORDON PITT, R.E.:  
MISS SYLVIA MARION SIMON.

Miss Simon is the daughter of the late Sir Robert Simon, M.D., and Lady Simon, of Edgbaston, Birmingham. Mr. Pitt is the only son of the late Rev. Sidney Pitt and of Mrs. Pitt, of Salisbury.—[Photograph by Swaine.]



WIFE OF THE NEW G.O.C.-IN-C., FIRST-CLASS:  
LADY MURRAY.

Lieut.-General Sir James Wolfe Murray, First Military Member of the Army Council, has just been appointed (temporarily) a General Officer Commanding-in-Chief, First Class, vice General Rundle, resigned. His "Wolfe" commemorates the friendship between General Wolfe and that Colonel Murray, of the Black Watch, in whose arms he died on the Heights of Abraham. His marriage to Fanny, daughter of the late James S. Robson, and widow of Sir Donald H. Macfarlane, took place in 1913.

Photograph by Vandyk.



# Zambrene

WRAPOVER ("Triple-Triple" proof)

affords ample protection against any weather.



**T**HE ZAMBRENE "Wrapover" is a smart serviceable weatherproof that affords ample protection against dust, wind and rain. Made without buttons, warm, light and easily adjusted, it constitutes the acme of comfort for out-door wear.

**T**HE PROOFING, which is the famous Zambrene "Triple-triple" proofing, will defy the heaviest rain; the fastening of the wristbands renders the sleeves secure; the belt allows the weatherproof to be worn over any thickness of under-garment; whilst the over-lapping at front provides double protection just where it is most needed.

**B**EING POROUS in texture, the Zambrene "Wrapover" is thoroughly hygienic and self-ventilating. This last point should be the first to be taken into consideration in ordering a service weatherproof.

**N**O OILED SILK or rubber lining should be entertained as a substitute for "Triple-triple" proofing. Either of these inserted as an interlining causes condensation of the heat of the body sufficient to saturate the under-garments with moisture, thereby creating discomfort and a serious menace to the health of the wearer.

Officers on Active Service testify that Zambrene "Triple-Triple" proof keeps out the rain as no other make will do.

No Officer's Kit complete without one

"Zambrene" "Triple-Triple" proofs for Officers' use are stocked in the following Shapes: INFANTRY PATTERN. CAVALRY PATTERN. TRENCH COAT WITH BELT. WRAPOVER.

All the above Shapes are made with or without detachable fleece-lining.

:: :: Also latest styles for Ladies' and Gentlemen's Civilian wear. :: ::

Obtainable of Outfitters in every Town. Wholesale only: B. BIRNBAUM & SON, Ltd., London, E.C.

# The living notes of the singer heard by your own fireside.

WHEN you play a record on the Æolian-Vocalion it is the actual living voice of the singer that you hear. Freely and clearly it flows from the instrument as if direct from the throat of the vocalist. No nasal intonation or metallic mufflings veil the purity of the original production.

This is equally true of instrumental music—to hear a violin solo on the Æolian-

Vocalion is to forget the medium of its transmission.

Here—in your own room—the bow of the artist draws the throbbing voice from the quivering heart of the instrument; nothing stands between you and the unrestricted art of the musician until the last note dies away; yet throughout the whole performance the expression is under your control.

## The Æolian-Vocalion gives you personal control over tone.

By means of the "Graduola," which is an exclusive feature of the Æolian-Vocalion, you can emphasise every delicate quality of tone without interfering with the artist's phrasing or tempo. By the pressure of a finger you can vary every performance, note by note and phrase by phrase, in harmony with your mood. What this means to the quality of the music, no longer bound by the rigid limitations of the record, can only be realised by hearing and playing the instrument.

### YOU ARE INVITED

*to visit Æolian Hall—  
London's Chief Centre  
for the purchase of Talking  
Machines and Records.  
If unable to call, write  
for full details of this  
marvellous new instrument*

#### THE ORCHESTRELLE COMPANY,



AEOLIAN HALL,  
131-137, New Bond St.,  
London, W.





# THIS WEEK'S TOILET HINTS.

A RARE COLLECTION OF BEAUTY HINTS FROM NEAR AND FAR.—HOME RECIPES.

## Getting Rid of Feminine Moustaches.

"Practical Suggestions."

To women who are annoyed by disfiguring downy hair-growths a method of permanently eradicating the same will come as a piece of good news. For this purpose pure powdered pheminol may be used. Almost any chemist should be able to supply an ounce of this drug. The recommended treatment is designed not only to remove the disfiguring growth instantly, leaving no trace, but also to actually kill the hair roots without irritating the skin.

## Blackheads, Oily Pores, etc.

A unique new method instantly removes and corrects them.

The new sparkling face-bath treatment rids the skin of blackheads, oiliness and enlarged pores almost instantly. It is perfectly harmless, pleasant and immediately effective. All you have to do is to drop a stymol tablet, obtained from the chemists, in a glass of hot water, and after the resulting effervescence has subsided dab the affected portions of the face freely with the liquid. When you dry the face you will find that the blackheads come right off on the towel, the large pores contract and efface themselves naturally, and the greasiness is all gone, leaving the skin smooth, soft and cool. This treatment should be repeated a few times at intervals of several days in order to make sure that the result shall be permanent.

## How to have Thick and Pretty Hair.

"Home Talents."

Soaps and artificial shampoos ruin many beautiful heads of hair. Few people know that a teaspoonful of good stallax dissolved in a cup of hot water has a natural affinity for the hair and makes the most delightful shampoo imaginable. It leaves the hair brilliant, soft and wavy, cleanses the scalp completely and greatly stimulates the hair growth. The only drawback is that stallax seems rather expensive. It comes to the chemist only in sealed ¼-lb. packages, which retail at half-a-crown. However, as this is sufficient for twenty-five or thirty shampoos, it really works out very cheaply in the end.

## Grey Hair Unnecessary.

A simple, old-fashioned home-made lotion that will restore the colour of youth.

One need not resort to the very questionable expedient of hair-dye in order not to have grey hair. The grey hair can easily be changed back to a natural colour in a few days' time merely by the application of a simple, old-fashioned and perfectly harmless home-made lotion. Procure from your chemist two ounces of tammalite concentrate and mix it with three ounces of bay rum. Apply this to the hair a few times with a small sponge and you will soon have the pleasure of seeing your grey hair gradually darkening to the desired shade. The lotion is pleasant, not sticky or greasy, and does not injure the hair in any way.



H. C. ROGERS

Seaman Gunner

### The Grand Fleet

"Phosferine Tablets have done me good, and I feel more fit and better than I have felt since being in the Service. Being inside of a turret when firing, the noise and concussion is terrible, and tries the nerves of far stronger men than me, but Phosferine Tablets are the best that I know of for the nerves, and now my nerves are not upset by the gun-firing. I get drenched with water working in rough weather and rain, and being recommended to try Phosferine Tablets for a nasty cold, and not being able to eat or sleep much, my mouth seeming always dry and bitter, I got the Canteen Manager to get me some Tablets, and have derived much benefit from them, and don't feel any ill-effects after my hard day's work, but wake up fresh and fit to carry on another day's work. Having suffered nearly all my time in the Service with nasty colds, I shall always be grateful for being told to have a try at Phosferine Tablets; they have stopped my headaches and dry and bitter taste in my mouth, and also a nasty attack of nasal catarrh, but at last I've got something that will cure me."

This seasoned Seaman Gunner declares he owes it to Phosferine alone that his nerves are no longer stunned and shaken by the shattering shock of heavy gunfire, and to Phosferine alone he owes his new freedom from the disorders he experienced daily for many years—in plain terms, Phosferine ensures that all the nerve organisms are active enough to provide the extra vitality to outlast that exceptional strain and exposure which had previously overcome him.

When you require the Best Tonic Medicine, see you get

# PHOSFERINE

### A PROVEN REMEDY FOR

Nervous Debility	Neuralgia	Lassitude	Backache
Influenza	Maternity Weakness	Neuritis	Rheumatism
Indigestion	Premature Decay	Faintness	Headache
Sleeplessness	Mental Exhaustion	Brain-Fag	Hysteria
Exhaustion	Loss of Appetite	Anæmia	Sciatica

Phosferine has a world-wide repute for curing disorders of the nervous system more completely and speedily, and at less cost, than any other preparation.

### SPECIAL SERVICE NOTE

Phosferine is made in Liquid and Tablets, the Tablet form being particularly convenient for men on ACTIVE SERVICE, travellers, etc. It can be used any time, anywhere, in accurate doses, as no water is needed.

The 2/9 tube is small enough to carry in the pocket, and contains 90 doses. Your sailor or soldier will be the better for Phosferine—send him a tube of tablets. Sold by all Chemists, Stores, etc. The 2/9 size contains nearly four times the 1/1½ size.

## ALFRED WEBB MILES & Co.

2, 10, 8, and 6, BROOK STREET,  
Hanover Square, LONDON, W.

### OFFICERS' SERVICE UNIFORMS and CAMP EQUIPMENT

at moderate prices  
for cash payments.

### Special Kit for Summer Campaigning.

Trench Coats, Detachable Fleece Linings ...	£	s.	d.
Khaki Lambswool British Warms (unlined) ...	4	15	0
Thin Khaki Worsted Whipcord Service Jackets	3	10	0
Thin Bedford Cord Riding Breeches, Strapped Buckskin ...	3	10	0
Khaki Drill Service Jackets	2	10	6
" " Riding Breeches (knees strapped same material) ...	1	15	0
Khaki Drill Slacks ...	1	7	6
		15	0



Patterns and full Estimates  
will be forwarded post free  
on application.

## WOMAN'S WAYS

## CONCERNING NEW NOVELS

## Soldiers and Stitches.

It is amazing the amount of taste and "originality" there is among wounded soldiers who set out to do fancy-work on their sick-beds. Tommy finds needles and silks eminently soothing, and we need no longer wonder at the revival of *petit point* and other embroideries among women living in this strenuous age. The manufacture of wire flowers, canvas embroidered belts, and even humble wool-work seems to be a formidable rival to tobacco for passing the long hours. The results obtained by these amateur workers are sometimes startling. I have a boxful of "conventional" daisies, purple, mauve, and green, made by a disabled hero at the Lindfield Hospital, which would cause a milliner in the Rue de la Paix to skip for joy could she behold them. They cost a few pence, yet nothing could be more "modern" or more attractive, and it would be a thousand pities if the soldier-artist were lost to the art of Design. Directly English people give up machine-made things, and take to using their hands and their imagination, we shall get a real revival of art in these islands. This must be so in an individualistic country like England. The stitchery craze has spread like an epidemic at Netley Hospital. It was initiated by the wife of the senior surgeon, and here the nurses and sisters are able to give advice and help, though it is doubtful if their ideas would ever be as original as some of those of their bandaged patients.

## Psychology of Flag Days.

Persons to avoid, if you are enrolled among the flag-sellers, include all elderly gentlemen with white beards. They not only treat you like the proverbial worm, but have never been known to give a donation to a war-charity in this casual, out-door way. Indeed, all men with beards should be dismissed from your calculations as possible donors; there is something about them antagonistic to amateur sellers. Put not your faith, either, in opulent-looking ladies with large red-faces rising out of priceless sables; nor in frisky ones in short skirts, with slim silhouettes and dangling gold bags. Personally, I would not pass the most diminutive messenger or push-cart boy without soliciting his alms; he is enormously pleased and flattered if you approach him. So are most workmen, and they will cheerfully pay pennies for the opportunity of exchanging badinage appropriate to the day.

ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.



WIFE OF HIS MAJESTY'S LIEUTENANT FOR THE COUNTY OF ANTRIM: LADY MASSEEREENE AND FERRARD.

Lady Massereene and Ferrard, whose husband has just been appointed His Majesty's Lieutenant for the County of Antrim, was Miss Jean Barbara Ainsworth, and is the elder daughter of Mr. John Stirling Ainsworth, M.P., of Ardaraishig, Loch Awe. Lord Massereene and Ferrard, who served in the South African War, 1899-1902 (wounded; despatches; brevet; D.S.O.) was mentioned in despatches during the present war.—[Photograph by Bassan.]

## "A Raw Youth."

BY FYODOR DOSTOEVSKY.  
(Heinemann.)

Our appetite for Russian fiction grows apace, and doubtless "A Raw Youth," the latest of the Dostoevsky series that Mr. Heinemann has issued, will find many readers. It is in three parts and nearly six hundred pages, and the story concerns itself chiefly with the emotions of an illegitimate child. To say that the interest is almost entirely concerned with psychology is to state no more than the truth; there is a minimum of action that matters, and a wealth of explanation of motives that threaten at times to become tedious. But there are flashes of insight scattered here and there like diamonds in blue clay, and for their sake it is worth the time necessary to examine the hard ground that surrounds them. The "raw youth," Dolgoruky, tells his own story, and in the unfolding of it the reader gets a masterly study of a lad who starts in opposition to all the world, and is forced to revise his own estimates while he moves from one mistake to another. The study of the father is a wonderful piece of work. Unfamiliarity with the Russian idiom and mode of thought is a difficulty not readily overcome, and it is a tribute to Dostoevsky's art that he keeps the reader convinced from first to last that he is dealing with live men and women.

## "Felicity Crofton."

BY MARGUERITE BRYANT.  
(Heinemann.)

A fine perception of the nuances of the feminine heart and brain, and a gift of apt phrases, make it a pleasure to study character in the pages of any novel by Marguerite Bryant, and her latest volume, "Felicity Crofton," will emphasise the fact that she does not rely upon sensational incidents or eccentric characterisation for success. The dramatis personæ of her latest story are men and women of everyday life, but with ideas and emotions expressed in terms so analytic that we can read their souls. The style of the writer is cultivated, without a parade of preciousness; and analytic without boredom. The interest is kept alert by uncertainty whether the heart of a man will be given to Felicity Crofton, a widow of infinite charm, or to her exquisite daughter. There are passages in the story of the love of Domenick for Veronica that are idyllic, but later the interest is diverted to a less agreeable figure—a woman addicted to the morphia habit, an episode which introduces a passing sense of melodrama into a story rich in charm.



THE QUEEN'S INTEREST IN THE FINE ART EXHIBITION IN AID OF WOMEN ARTISTS, SUFFERERS BY THE WAR: HER MAJESTY LEAVING WARING AND GILLOW'S GALLERIES.

The fine-art exhibition in aid of women artists who are sufferers by the war, which is being held at Messrs. Waring and Gillow's Galleries, 164 to 180, Oxford Street, W., was visited on May 15 by the Queen, accompanied by Princess Mary. Her Majesty was received by Sir William Lever, Mr. S. J. Waring, and Mr. A. M. Joshua, and conducted to the beautiful Georgian Hall. There Sir William presented Miss Lever; Miss Ruth Hollingsworth, the Hon. Secretary and Organiser; and the Ladies of the Committee; while Mr. S. J. Waring had the honour of presenting Mrs. Waring and Mrs. A. M. Joshua. Her Majesty displayed

keen interest in the exhibition, inspecting each work carefully, and in many instances, twice over. Further, she showed her genuine sympathy in the most practical way possible by making numerous purchases. Later, Mr. S. J. Waring and Sir William Lever conducted her Majesty to the Louis XVI. drawing-room, and her Majesty graciously invited Mrs. Waring, Mr. and Mrs. Joshua, and Mr. and Mrs. G. A. Sawyer to take tea. On leaving, the Queen accepted a bouquet from Miss Gladys Waring, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. S. J. Waring, and Miss Alice Waring had the honour of handing a similar gift to Princess Mary.



## NO ONE NEED REMAIN FAT NOW

Physician Banishes Fat by New Marvellous Simple Method, After Drugs, Medicines, Exercise, Apparatus, Advertised Remedies, and Starvation Diets Had All Failed.

### "REDUCED MY WEIGHT 100 POUNDS"

ON January 1, Dr. F. M. Turner, the well-known physician, was one of the fattest of men in this great city. He weighed 18st. 2lb. His waist measured 48 inches, and he wore a 17½ collar. His health was miserable; he was

weak and tired all the time; dull, heavy, and stupid in mind; wasn't able to work, to sleep at nights or to digest his food. He had just been refused life insurance because of his excessive weight. He was told that his very life was in grave danger, and that unless he could get rid of his fat he might drop dead at any moment.

He had previously tried all the methods of flesh reduction known to medical science—drugs, starvation diets, purging, violent exercise, etc.—but they had done more harm than good.

With practically a death sentence staring him in the face, and a wife and family to support, Dr. Turner thought hard. He worked, experimented, studied on a plan entirely original and different from any he had used, and finally made a most wonderful discovery by means of which he has actually reduced his weight 100 lb., gaining in strength and general health with every pound he lost.

Five months later Dr. Turner weighed 10st. 10lb., his waist measured 37½ inches, and he wore a 15½ collar. His health is perfect, he is as capable of hard work as at 25 years of age, and his mind is clear and buoyant. He has gladly been accepted and rated as a "first-class risk" by the same insurance company that previously rejected him.

Dr. Turner's wonderful success has amazed his friends and fellow-physicians. His method is simple, yet thoroughly scientific. There are no medicines or drugs to be taken, nothing to

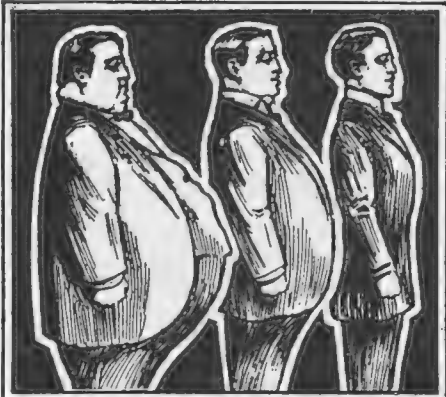
wear, no physical culture or violent exercise, no Turkish baths, sweating, purging, starvation diets, apparatus, or weakening methods of any kind. On the contrary, the system, which any person can readily practise in his or her own home, without

medical assistance of any kind, is designed not only to remove superfluous flesh at the average rate of about 1lb. a day, but to strengthen the entire body and benefit the general health right from the start.

Dr. Turner's remarkable discovery and experience created widespread attention from both physicians and the general public, being widely commented upon in the Press and in medical publications, so he has been fairly deluged with requests for personal treatment. Close friends have urged him to spec-

ialise in this particular branch of work, where he could command large fees; but other business interests which occupy most of his time have decided him against it.

In answer, however, to the multitude of requests for information, and in order that all may have the benefit of the system it was his good fortune to discover, he has prepared a small booklet treating on his method, and telling all fleshy men and women how they may accomplish the same happy result without the least danger or inconvenience. He has posted these books without charge to those who have written him, and has a few hundred copies left which he has agreed to distribute, so long as they last, among fleshy people sufficiently interested to send two penny stamps for postage. The doctor's present address is F. M. Turner, c/o. The Turner Co., (Dept. 734 H.), 133, Oxford St., London. W. and any request for the booklet sent there will be given prompt attention.



## GOOCH'S VOGUE & VALUE



Practical Jumper in good quality Crêpe-de-Chine. In beautiful soft shades. Sailor collar and tie of white Crêpe-de-Chine. It can be worn loose or belted, and is finished with smart patch pockets. Price 55/6

**GOOCH'S** Ltd

BROMPTON HOUSE

BROMPTON · RD · LONDON · S.W.

## INEXPENSIVE BLOUSES

ALL our Blouses are of a particularly dainty and refined character. They are adapted from exclusive Paris Models by our own workers from carefully selected materials.



Practical Blouse, as sketch, in spot muslin, with net fichu, edged valenciennes lace, front finished with crochet buttons. Sizes 13½ to 15 inches.

Price 15/9

**MARSHALL &  
SNELGROVE**

LIMITED

VERE ST. and OXFORD ST.  
LONDON

## Children's Clothes ::



Our stock contains a wonderful variety of dainty and inexpensive Frocks and Suits for little boys & girls.

**PRETTY FROCK**, for little girl, in White Voile, with spot design in green, mauve, or rose. Also ribbon round waist to match. The neck and sleeves edged fine Valenciennes lace and insertion. Entirely hand sewn.

Size for child 3 years, 25/9  
" " " " 27/6

**Dainty Cap** in Bretonne lace trimmed either in pink rosebuds and ribbon, or blue forget-me-nots with ribbon to match, 29/6

**Debenham  
& Freebody**

Wigmore Street,  
(Cavendish Square) London. W

Famous for over a Century  
for Taste, for Quality, for Value



# THE WOMAN ABOUT TOWN

## Not Ophelia Fashions.

Leaves in the hair are quite the latest style of ornament. They are very pretty if smartly arranged. I saw a very well-known lady the other day with a charming arrangement of Japanese maple-leaves in her dark hair. They were artificial, of course, and the colours lovely. At Woolland's there are many most fascinating devices for the hair, which are quite in keeping with war-time economy. Many changes are possible, and all are wonderfully up-to-date looking, although all are not, of course, leaves. The one thing these hair-wreaths and aigrettes do not suggest is Ophelia-like fashions, for they are very tidy and neat, as poor Ophelia's were not. The Shakespearean heroines most imitated in dress, in this Tercentenary year, are Rosalind (when equipped at all points as a man), and Portia in the attitude of a wise young judge!

## Fortune-Telling.

The Empress Eugénie was told, when quite a girl, that she would be an Empress and live until she was ninety-four. The prophecy was by a gipsy. There is now, I am told, quite a run on soothsayers, most of whose addresses are quite shocking to the ears of genteel chauffeurs. I met a woman last week who told me most convincing tales of the skill of an ancient hag who lived in a mews. She had sent many to consult her, and to one client she said: "Some of your valuables are in great danger." The lady went home and sent her trinkets to the bank, and her sables to Revillon Frères. Next day her parlour-maid went out and did not return; and the furrier expert said moth-larvæ were in the furs. What a wise old seer, and what a dilatory client!

## Nicey Niceys.

The woman-liest women like to be as beautiful inside as out, where clothes are concerned. If war-economy must be practised, they will do it outwardly quite cheerfully, if sustained morally by the knowledge that inwardly all is very dainty, and sweet, and charming. With a womanly woman who is very much in the know, I went to see the lingerie at Labise Company, 95, New Bond Street. It is so exquisite that one wants to pet it. Little "chimmies" of pale-pink and pale-blue crêpe-de-Chine or chiffon, with little roses in the same material; little knickers of chiffon are hemstitched and finished with roses, the whole done by deft fingers; travelling-petticoats were of shantung, beautifully shaped and daintily finished; garters looked as pretty, and neat, and attractive as ornaments—indeed, everything was of the most delicious for the inner adornment of the dressy and delightful woman.

## Fluff.

It is quite the fashion to be fluffy: our skirts fluff, our coatees fluff, and our neck-wear, if not of Elizabethan stiffness, is yet well fluffed out. The prettiest neck-frills are of tulle; they are extensive, light-looking, and very becoming, and are usually finished with a neat little cluster of smart ribbon or chiffon flowers. It is generally conceded that black tulle forms the most becoming neck-ruffle, but fresh young faces look

charming over white. They are quite Pierrette-like, some of them; and although not novel neck-wear, yet they come up in a novel way which is the strategy of Fashion. There are lovely ones at Peter Robinson's, in Regent Street.

## Against the Grain.

Many admirers of Florence Nightingale, to whom her memory is sacred, were much hurt last week at the indignities suffered by her statue. First of all, it was lifted from the pedestal by ropes round the neck, and slung to the top of a tripod in full view of passers-by. Then it was decorated with laurel, which was dignified enough; but an addition of a so-called halo of yellow flowers—something between a lamp-shade and an early Victorian parasol—was a curious and rather ridiculous element, causing smiles on the faces of passers-by. Also the flowers and leaves were kept there withered and dead. It was all against the grain to those who reverence the memory of the great woman represented. Many thousand times it was said by her admirers last week how right she was to wish for no statue, and how nice it would have been had her wish been respected; and how it was hoped that she was spared the knowledge of the uses to which it was put by mistaken zeal.

## Women and Germany.

One thing we all know: that if the Teuton ever becomes top-dog, the position of our sex in Europe will topple down. Germans use and abuse women; they do not honour and respect them. A friend of mine who lived in Bremen for a time was shocked and grieved at the death of a little girl who lived near, and expressed her deep sympathy with the parents. The mother looked touched, but the father thanked her—unmoved and polite—and said, "But we are so grateful that it is not the boy!" A very accomplished and highly educated German lady stayed in the kitchen when her husband had guests, seeing that all the food was sent up right. After the dinner, proper relays of refreshments were required hourly. Once during the evening she laid aside her overall, and went up, attired in her best, to know if all was to the liking of the guests. Had it not been, she told my friend, her husband would have scolded her, and his guests would have joined in! I knew a remarkably handsome, tall, gentle German woman who was over here studying singing under the late Signor Randegger. She talked much of a fine-looking husband whose portrait was much to the fore. I asked her why she was away from him, and meekly she made reply, "I did not manage so well as his mother, so I was sent away." My dear sisters, let us spare no effort for the defeat of the Teutons!



IN ONE OF THE SCENES OF "HALF-PAST EIGHT": DRESS WORN BY YVONNE GRANVILLE.

The under-dress is of white Ninon, topped with a coatee of white satin, which is braided in silver and black.

## WHERE CLOTH MEETS SILK: AN AFTERNOON FROCK.

The substance of this frock is white cloth of summer weight, and its trimming is black taffeta.

becoming, and are usually finished with a neat little cluster of smart ribbon or chiffon flowers. It is generally conceded that black tulle forms the most becoming neck-ruffle, but fresh young faces look



1335



Delta  
170—12/9

*Instead of Patent*

"WHATEVER am I to do?" she said plaintively. "I want a pair of patent shoes for my Navy coat and skirt. Yet everybody says patent is unreliable."

"I know," exclaimed her friend. "Get that Delta shoe I saw in a window yesterday, glacé kid with only the toe-cap and facing of patent. You've no idea how smart it looked."

**Delta**

Agents everywhere  
Sellers: Lotus Limited, Stafford  
Manufacturers of Delta and Lotus Shoes

**W. Benson**

MILITARY BADGE BROOCHES LTD.  
Any Regimental Design Perfectly Modelled



NAVAL CROWN.  
Diamonds, Rubies, and Emeralds, £20  
Large Selection in Diamonds,  
and Gold and Enamel.

Prices on application.

**BENSON'S**  
"Active Service"  
WRISTLET WATCH.  
Fully Luminous Figures and Hands.



With  
Hunting  
Cover.  
£3 7 6

Silver Case,  
with Screw  
Bezel and  
Back,  
£3 3s.

Others with  
luminous  
dials, &c.,  
from £2 10s.

Gold,  
£5 10s.

WARRANTED TIMEKEEPERS.  
25, OLD BOND STREET, W.  
and 62 & 64, LUDGATE HILL, E.C.



**Satin Lisette**

is a new Fabric for Ladies' Wear, woven with a spun silk face and wool back. It is most suitable for gowns, blouses, children's dresses and underwear. Though quite as effective as pure all-silk satin, it is sold everywhere at half the price. Being made of silk and wool, it combines both warmth and lightness. "Satin Lisette" has excellent draping qualities, and can be had in twenty-seven shades.

Wholesale only:  
LISTER & CO., LTD.,  
Old Change, London, E.C.

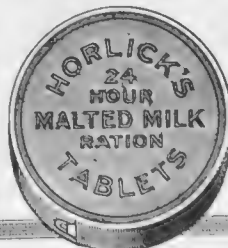
## HORLICK'S RATION OF MALTED MILK TABLETS

It is a round, airtight tin weighing 7 ozs. and containing 80 highly compressed tablets. From 10 to 20 tablets dissolved in the mouth as required supply the nourishment given by an ordinary meal. One tin contains sufficient to maintain strength and vigour for 24 hours without any other food, and, in addition, the tablets relieve thirst.

For Members of the Expeditionary Forces

Obtainable of Chemists  
Price 1/6 each

If your Chemist cannot supply you, we will send the tin post free to any address on receipt of 1/6. Give FULL name and address to which you wish the ration sent, also please state your own name and address.  
HORLICK'S MALTED MILK CO.  
SLOUGH, BUCKS.



## NOT A "SUNSHY" COMPLEXION.



Hers is a skin protected by Pomeroy Day Cream, the new non-greasy "vanishing" cream which ladies use just before going out. It prevents "shininess," keeps the skin soft and smooth, and preserves the bloom of the complexion.

**Pomeroy Day Cream**

In dainty half-crown tins, at Chemists, Stores, &c., and from Mrs. Pomeroy, Ltd., 29 Old Bond St., London, W.



The Friend  
of  
the  
Housewife

**KEATING'S**  
KILLS EVERY BEETLE  
coming into proper contact with it—  
A FACT.  
Tins 1d., 3d., 6d., 1/-

# THE WHEEL AND THE WING

THE CESSATION OF PLEASURE-MOTORING: A FINE RECORD OF GOOD WORK: HELPING THE RED CROSS.

## What Motorists Have Done.

For the first twenty months of the war the Royal Automobile Club and its numerous affiliated clubs throughout the kingdom were content to render national service in a thoroughly effective way without any attempt at publicity or the compiling of records of the work achieved. If at any time, in isolated instances, sundry figures were locally put forward, they were in conjunction with an appeal for further volunteers, and not in any sense by way of parade or self-congratulation. Then came a fervent appeal not wholly innocent of a variety of charges of extravagance, and suggestions which virtually ignored any but the "pleasure" side of motoring. The General Committee of the Royal Automobile and Associated Clubs in view of this appointed a special sub-committee to collect evidence in support of their contention that motorists were doing national and philanthropic work to an extent without parallel in other quarters, and that "pleasure motoring," as formerly understood, was practically dead.

## An Amazing Record.

The result is now forthcoming in the shape of an elaborate report which bears out the Committee's claims to an overwhelming degree. It teems with facts and figures which testify on every page to the widespread and colossal nature of the voluntary work which motorists have performed in every part of the kingdom, despite the fact that many sources of information have not been tapped at all, and the further fact that in many quarters people have been far too busy with good work to keep any records in the way of figures. To take the parent club itself first: the R.A.C. has maintained in the War Office's behalf a regular service of owner-drivers and their cars, attached to Army divisional and brigade headquarters. All the trouble of administration is undertaken by the Club itself, and the War Office has only to state its requirements and the want is immediately met. These owner-drivers have covered 3,600,000 miles on official service in this class of work alone. But there is also an extensive emergency scheme to meet urgent calls in the event of a grave crisis, with hundreds of cars in readiness; while in connection with air-raids cars are always available at an hour's notice. It is known, too, that in provincial centres the same type of service is everywhere available; and the military depend upon motorists' voluntary aid in recruiting work, and equally the police in the matter of air-raids.

## Helping the Wounded.

As for hospital transport work, and the conveyance of wounded soldiers generally, the figures quoted by the various provincial clubs are truly colossal. They would run into millions if every centre had kept a precise record, but it will suffice to quote certain individual cases where statistics have been preserved. In Glasgow alone, for example, the Scottish

Automobile Club has carried 100,435 wounded, and 33,405 in Edinburgh, and has also sent nearly 200 ambulances to the front. The South Wales A.C. has conveyed 105,671 wounded, and the Manchester A.C. 83,229. The Leicester A.C. has met trains by night and conveyed 10,000 wounded in the town of Leicester alone; while the Midland A.C. has carried 35,000, and the Notts A.C. 10,000. In Hampshire the club figures run to over 20,000, the same in Berkshire, and in Lincolnshire to 15,000, and substantial figures could be quoted from numerous other districts.

## What Does the Red Cross Say?

Apart from the work carried on independently by the provincial automobile clubs, the British Red Cross Society has to report an enormous amount of work performed by motorists in conjunction with its territorial voluntary organisations. In Berkshire it reports 110,000 passengers as having been conveyed by cars; in East Lancashire 103,337; in London City, 75,000; in Kent, 25,000—and so on; while the Worcester organisation states that 250,000 miles have been travelled by motorists with wounded soldiers. The testimonies come from no fewer than forty-three centres, and all go to prove, in the words of the Devonshire centre, that an enormous amount of enjoyment has been provided for the wounded through the generosity of car-owners. Then, too, there is a London organisation—the Volunteer Motor Mobilisation Corps—which regularly works with the metropolitan hospitals, and has conveyed over 100,000 wounded soldiers. Other organisations might be named, while an immense amount of service has been rendered without record by individual owners. As a case in point, I may mention that I was lately asked by a fellow-motorist what the "V.M.M.C." flag meant on my car, and explained the work of that particular body. He promptly joined, but had already been taking his car privately to a military hospital twice a week for months.



A WORLD-FAMOUS BOXER AS MILITARY AIRMAN: SERGEANT GEORGES CARPENTIER AT HIS FLYING STATION IN CHAMPAGNE.

Carpentier has done fine work for the French air service. Last December he was awarded the Croix de Guerre for a daring flight in fog and rain only 600 feet above the enemy, and for other exploits.—[Photo, Illus. Bureau.]

Particularly interesting are the statements of the county surveyors of England and Wales as to the present aspect of private and other motoring in their respective districts. Nearly all report a great increase in the use of commercial vehicles, and, of course, on the presence of innumerable military wagons; but especially noteworthy is their widespread testimony to the great reduction that has taken place in the use of "pleasure" cars. The county surveyor for Surrey states that the reduction in private-car traffic amounts to 75 per cent., and in Kent and Essex it is officially



THE DUKE OF WESTMINSTER MOTORING TO THE RESCUE OF THE "TARA" PRISONERS: HIS GRACE'S CAR IN THE DESERT.

The fact that this interesting photograph of the Duke of Westminster's famous rescue-raid, on March 17, has only just come to hand is a good enough reason for reverting to it. The photograph is a little blurred owing to the speed of the car. One of the men rescued, who had been starving in the desert since Nov. 5, wrote: "So overjoyed were we that we shed tears and put our arms round the necks of our deliverers and kissed them."—[Photograph by C.N.]

declared to be quite 50 per cent. When it is remembered that these are all home counties, likely to be traversed by the majority of cars leaving the Metropolis at the week-ends, it must be conceded that the figures are remarkable.



## Restaurant Frock in Chiffon Taffetas

The "TOINETTE" (as sketch). Dainty Afternoon or Restaurant Frock in good quality Chiffon Taffetas. Pretty cross-over bodice finished with embroidered white lawn collar and French rose at waist. Full skirt. In saxe, grey, mole, putty, black, and navy. Also in Pompadour Taffetas in all the latest colourings.

8½ gns

**Peter Robinson's**  
OXFORD STREET



Peter Robinson Ltd.

## SCHOOLS FOR BOYS and GIRLS.

TUTORS FOR ALL EXAMS.

**M**ESSRS. J. & J. PATON, having an intimate, unique and up-to-date knowledge of the **BEST SCHOOLS** and **TUTORS** in this country, will be pleased to **AID PARENTS** in their choice by sending (free of charge) **PROSPECTUSES** and **TRUST-WORTHY INFORMATION** regarding **ESTABLISHMENTS** which can be **THOROUGHLY RECOMMENDED**.

The age of the Pupil, District preferred, 'Phone, Write and rough idea of Fees should be given. or Call.

Telephone—  
5053 CENTRAL.

J. & J. PATON, Educational Agents,  
143, Cannon Street, LONDON, E.C.

**Wilson & Gill**

"THE GOLDSMITHS,"  
139, REGENT ST., LONDON, W

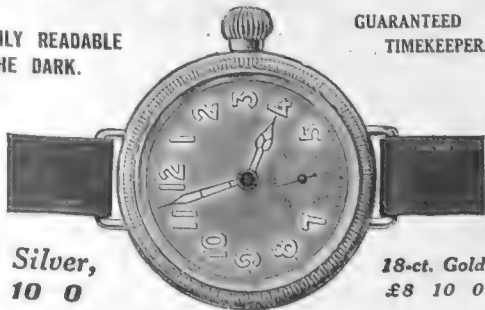
TIME EASILY READABLE  
IN THE DARK.

GUARANTEED  
TIMEKEEPER.

9-ct. Gold  
£5 10s.

Solid Silver,  
£2 10 0

18-ct. Gold,  
£8 10 0



Section showing Damp and Dust-proof Front and Back Unscrewed.

WILSON & GILL'S FAMED "SERVICE" WRISTLET WATCH, WITH LUMINOUS FIGURES AND HANDS.

Wilson and Gill's "Service" Wristlet Watches are fitted with an extra stout and practically unbreakable bevelled crystal glass. Immense numbers are now in use, and have proved their thorough reliability during the present campaign.

# The All - Protective BURBERRY

**UNLIKE RUBBER** or oil-silk interlined coats, provides a shield against rain, yet is healthy and comfortable to wear. There is no clammy moisture, no overheating or fatigue, because **THE BURBERRY** aerates the body through millions of interstices in the cloth—too small for wet to percolate.

**UNLIKE LEATHER** or other fabrics depending on weight for security, it keeps the wearer warm in cold winds, yet, being airy, its weight is negligible.

**UNLIKE ALL OTHER** forms of protection, **THE BURBERRY** is not affected by excessive heat or cold. It retains its weather-resistance and comforting properties for years unimpaired by the roughest usage.

Illustrated  
Naval or  
Military  
Catalogues  
Post Free



### The Airman's Burberry

"The thermometer on one occasion registered 4 degrees below zero at an altitude of 17,200 feet, and your Gabardine with Camel Fleece lining resisted the cold to a remarkable degree."—E. M. MAITLAND.

### OILED - SILK CONDENSES HEAT

as quickly as rubber—both are equally air-proof.

The body needs air as much as the lungs. To ignore this simple fact brings immediate discomfort, creates bodily fatigue, and courts serious trouble.

Then the cumbersome weight of an oiled-silk interlined coat! Well, the less said about it the better!

The ever-growing popularity of self-ventilating "Burberrys" proves that they give satisfying protection without need of such heat-condensing linings.

**NAVAL or MILITARY WEATHERPROOF**  
Until further notice **BURBERRYS CLEAN and RE-PROOF** Officers' "Burberrys," Tielockens, & Burberry Trench-Warms **FREE OF CHARGE**.

N.B.—The process takes 10 days.



### Tee Burberry

The Burberry is still giving excellent wear, and never a drop of rain has come through. If it keeps going until Feb. 15th, it will have been in use out here for one year. Some coat all right!"

—D. J. C. JENKINS,  
5th Canadian Batta.

Every  
Burberry  
Garment  
is labelled  
"Burberrys."



Officers'  
Complete  
Kits in 2  
to 4 days,  
or Ready  
to Use

### The Naval Burberry

"My Burberry has never let any water through. I have worn it in a gale on a destroyer, but it kept me absolutely dry."—W. BURNES.

**BURBERRYS** Haymarket  
LONDON

8 & 10 Bd. Malesherbes PARIS; also Provincial Agents

## THINGS NEW: AT THE THEATRES.

MAN wants a good deal nowadays, and wants that good deal long; but he does not want four hours and a bittock of musical comedy in a dump (I don't know whether a bittock is more or whether it is less than a bit); yet that is what we had on the first performance of "A Happy Day," at Daly's, so that sometimes the title seemed a little ill-chosen. Of course, by now the blue pencil will have been busy, though I cannot guess the likely cuts, for most, perhaps all, of the numbers appeared to delight the house. And didn't it "Oh!" with rapture at the gorgeous scenery and frocks, unsurpassed in the history of Daly's Theatre. The weak spot clearly was in an unexpected quarter: "G. P." was not quite his amusing self—indeed, did not present himself, but acted another person, and seemed a little embarrassed by the venture and somewhat uncertain. Mr. Lauri de Frece, his companion in crime, also was not quite at his best; nevertheless, one may guess safely that soon these two clever people will be the pillars of the play. The rest is divisible into two parts: the sentimental story and a kind of revue. The former, thanks to the work of Miss Winifred Barnes, Miss Rosina Filippi, and Mr. Arthur Wontner—and, doubtless, I ought to add Mr. Seymour Hicks, the author—is quite pretty. No doubt, the story of the young Prince and Princess engaged to be married without knowledge of one another, who became sincerely in love before the ceremony, is not of startling novelty—a fact that has been

commented on rather severely—but it has some freshness of treatment in this case, which is all that one can expect; and Miss Barnes acted cleverly and sang charmingly as well. Also Miss Filippi did all that was possible with the part given to her—what a pity that this accomplished actress does not get worthier tasks! Belonging to this part of the piece were Mr. Thorpe Bates and Miss

Nellie Taylor, both with excellent voices which they used admirably. Of the revue section Miss José Collins was Queen; she is a talented daughter of the popular Lottie Collins. Miss José has a more highly trained voice than her mother, and played with vivacity. It yet remains to be seen whether she can reach the "boom-de-ay" level—I have to guess at the spelling of "boom-de-ay," since the word is not to be found in Johnson's dictionary. In addition, there is charming Miss Unity More, who danced with great gaiety. Altogether quite a Gargantuan feast, which only needs a little cutting, trimming, and working up to be a great success, to which the lively, tuneful music of Messrs. Sidney Jones and Paul Rubens will contribute greatly.

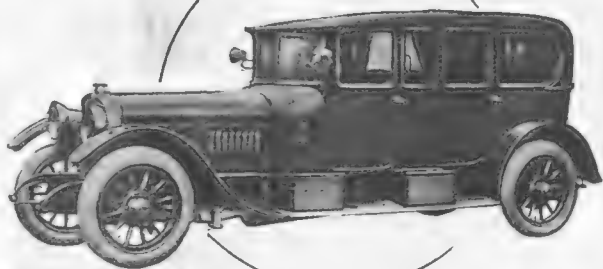
Rather different, "The Double Dealer" from "The Happy Day," but I confess I had great pleasure from the naughty Congreve comedy presented by the Stage Society. After all, it may be more shocking than some of the modern pieces given to us, but certainly less harmful. One cannot quite call it a masterpiece, for the plot is confusing, the villain incredible, and Lady Touchwood, with dagger, somewhat out of the colour of frivolous comedy; but it is enormously

[Continued overleaf.]



AS A KNUT: Mlle. Gaby Deslys; WITH M. RACOUR.

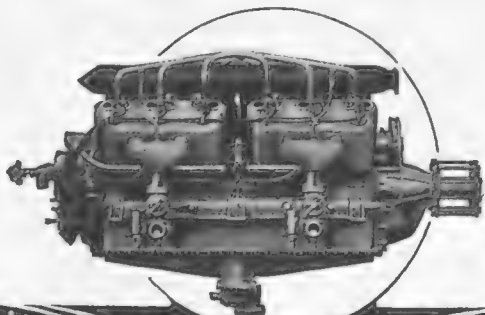
Mlle. Gaby Deslys arrived in town a few days ago, after her tour in the United States. She paid a flying visit to her London home; and then left for France, to attend to the affairs of her father, M. Hippolyte Caire, who died while she was on the "other side." It is understood that she will be seen at a West End theatre before long.—[Photograph by Claude Harris.]



## THE SUPREME SUNBEAM

The Sunbeam Company is now engaged mainly in the manufacture of Sunbeam-Coatalen aviation engines—a work for which their long and successful racing experience has peculiarly fitted them.

THE SUNBEAM MOTOR CAR CO., LTD.,  
Works: Wolverhampton. Manchester: 112, Deansgate.  
London & District Agent for Cars: J. Keele, Ltd., 72, New Bond St., W.  
Dunlop Tyres are fitted to Sunbeam Cars as standard



## DAINTY LINGERIE at Popular Prices

DESIGNED by our own artists and made by our own workers from materials that can be relied on to stand more than average wear. The garment illustrated is an example of the value to be found in our Lingerie Section.



Nightgown, as sketch, in rich crepe de Chine, hem put on with hemstitching, slotted with fancy ribbon. In ivory, sky, pink and black.

Price 29/6

Also in heavy Japanese silk, 18/9.

## MARSHALL & SNELGROVE

LIMITED

VERE ST. and OXFORD ST.  
LONDON

Our Book of New Lingerie  
posted free.





(Kapitan = the Captain)

## КАПИТАНЪ

We in Russia have known too little of England in the past and наоборот (naoborot = vice versa). The War has made us learn to understand each other better and more appreciative of things Russian and things English. Friends in your Island have lately sent me some Cigarettes called Cavander's "Army Club," which всё лучший (vsyo luchshie = all the best) English are now smoking, and if you can supply products so excellent as these Cigarettes, then indeed will Russia, with its population five times larger than England, be превосходные покупщики (prevoskodne pokupstchiki = good customers) to you.

**CAVANDER'S**  
**"Army Club"**  
**CIGARETTES**

20 FOR 9<sup>D</sup>.  
 50 for 1/10<sup>1</sup>/<sub>2</sub>

Cavander's, 261, High St., Glasgow.  
 Established 1775.

Cavander's Army Mixture, a mellow non-bite mixture.  
 7<sup>1</sup>/<sub>2</sub>d. per oz.

On sale at all A. Baker & Co.'s, Bewlays, Finlays,  
 Selfridge's Stores, and other High-class Tobacconists.



## DAINTY TEAFROCK

Adapted from an exclusive Paris Model, by our own highly skilled workers, and made in rich Crêpe-de-Chine, with full skirt and pleated overdress of crêpe. Bodice of crêpe with new chiffon sleeves. A particularly becoming and useful garment.

PRICE

98/6

Catalogue post free.

**Debenham  
& Freebody**

Wigmore Street.  
 (Cavendish Square) London.W

Famous for over a Century  
 for Taste, for Quality, for Value

## Superfluous Hair Banished for Ever

If you have this disfigurement decide now to have it removed once and for ever. Do not waste time and money on home remedies, which cannot possibly effect a permanent cure and may eventually accentuate the evil. The hairs must be removed by specialists. Foremost of Superfluous Hair Specialists is Mrs. Pomeroy, Ltd. Take the Pomeroy Treatment and your trouble is banished for ever.

**POMEROY  
TREATMENT ROOMS**

Call or Write. Consultation Free.

LONDON: 29, OLD BOND STREET, W.

LIVERPOOL: 114, Bold Street. MANCHESTER: 10, St.

Ann's Square. GLASGOW: 281, Sauchiehall Street.

DUBLIN: 67, Grafton Street.



Make  
YOUR  
HAIR  
beautiful

When the natural oil which protects the hair is deficient, it must be supplemented. You must use

**ROWLAND'S  
MACASSAR OIL**

which affords the nourishment essential to the growth of luxuriant hair. Sold in 3/6, 7/- and 10/6 sizes by Stores, Chemists, Hairdressers, or Rowland's, 67, Hatton Garden, London.

## Cheese v. Meat

St. Ivel Lactic Cheese possesses three times as much nutriment as the best lean meat, and contains the highest proportions of those constituents which nourish the body.

**ST. IVEL  
CHEESE**

A few drops of  
 "ESS VIOTTO"  
 rubbed well into the  
 hands renders them  
 white & soft as silk.



Pale hands,  
 pink tipped,  
 Indian Love Lyrics.

**Ess  
Viotto**

Sold by all Chemists & Stores,  
 1/3, 2/6, 5/- per bottle.

**OMAR KHAYYAM  
PERFUME.**

The finest scent in a simple bottle.  
 3/3 5/9 12/6 23/6

Wholesale:-  
 H. BRONNLEY & Co., Ltd., London.





*Continued.]*

amusing by its wit, its brilliant caricatures, and skilful acting scenes: one rarely gets so much enjoyment as in the passage where Lady Plyant makes love to the hero, pretending all the time indignantly to resist an attack upon her virtue which he is not making. It is quite iniquitously clever, and was acted with triumphant skill by Miss Helen Haye, who really caught the tone of old comedy. Miss Gertrude Lang nearly caught it, but not quite; her prettiness was almost smothered by her dress. The character of Lady Touchwood would tax the resources of a big tragic actress, and Miss Constance Robertson may be congratulated upon the degree of success attained by her. Mr. Ben Field was very funny as the pompous Lord Froth; whilst the Sir Paul Plyant of Mr. Herbert Bunston is an extremely clever piece of strong character-acting. I hope the Stage Society will plunge a little further into the old comedies so greatly neglected.

Mr. Martin Harvey's Tercentenary performances have been so successful that his season at His Majesty's is to be extended. The second work of his programme was "The Taming of the Shrew"—not a very happy choice, since much of it is not by Shakespeare, and none shows him at his best. On the basis of the actor-manager system, the chief parts were taken by Mr. Harvey and his wife, and therefore a somewhat novel method of presenting them of necessity was adopted; so Petruchio had to become a rather boisterous, gallant gentleman, and Katherine a pert, ill-tempered young lady of whom no one was likely to be afraid. This reading does not square with the text, and I fail to see the wisdom of choosing a piece unless you play it with the obvious intentions of the author—or authors. The staging, in which Mr. William Poel assisted, is quite jolly, and enabled the farce to be given with unusual briskness, for the simple yet effective scenes were changed before our eyes, and there was but one interval. Also there were some merry processions. Indeed, in a general way there was a very lively performance of the work, though nothing can prevent the Bianca intrigue from seeming rather clumsy and dull. Mr. Rutland Barrington is a really comic Christopher Sly, but I wonder whether Mr. William

Poel approves of his interruptions, and even gags, during the performance. Fancy "gags" in the Tercentenary Commemoration performances! My hat!

On page 7 of our "Supplement" we give a portrait of Lady Rosabelle Bingham (Lady Rosabelle Brand), stating that she "is to be married shortly to Captain J. C. Brand, of the Coldstream Guards." That page had gone to press before the *Times* announcement on Saturday, May 20, that the marriage was arranged to take place on that day. It was celebrated, very quietly, at Christ Church, Down Street.

Even apart from the excellent cause to which the proceeds are to be devoted, the unique concert by the massed bands of the Household Brigade, to be held at the Albert Hall on Saturday afternoon, May 27, should fill even that huge building. The "cause" is the Prisoners of War Fund of the Household Brigade, and their Majesties the King and Queen and H.M. Queen Alexandra have graciously promised to be present. It will be the first time that the band of the Welsh Guards has taken part in any such concert, and the others will be the full bands of the 1st and 2nd Life Guards, the

Royal Horse Guards (Blues), the Grenadier Guards, the Coldstream Guards, the Scots Guards, and the Irish Guards, and the drums, fifes, and pipers of the Brigade of Guards, the conductor being Captain J. Mackenzie Rogan, M.V.O., Mus. Doc., of the Coldstream Guards. Sir Walter Parratt, M.V.O., Mus. Doc., will be at the grand organ; and the vocalists will be Miss Carrie Tubb, Mme. Kirkby Lunn, and Mr. Ben Davies. The doors will be opened at 1.30, and the concert will begin an hour later. The event will be unique and historic, and early application for tickets should be made at the Royal Albert Hall, the usual agents, or to Captain Lord Churston, Hon. Treasurer, Household Brigade Concert Fund, Wellington Barracks, S.W. The programme will include Tchaikovsky's *Ouverture Solennelle "1812"* and Jullien's Descriptive piece "The British Army." There will be, in all, no fewer than five hundred performers.



THE INFANT SON OF THE MARQUESS TOWNSHEND; WITH HIS LITTLE COUSIN.

The newly born son of the Marquess and Marchioness Townshend is seen in our photograph, in the arms of his nurse, on the right. The Marquess and Marchioness were married in 1905. Lady Townshend is the daughter of Mr. Thomas Sutherst, barrister-at-law, who was drowned in the "Lusitania." The infant son of the Marquess, who was born on May 12, bears the title of Viscount Raynham. His little cousin Ursula, also seen in the arms of her nurse, is the daughter of Major and Mrs. Waldron. Major Waldron is in the 19th Hussars and Royal Flying Corps.—[Photograph by C.N.]

## DALY'S. Tel. Ger., 201.

THE GEORGE EDWARDS NEW PRODUCTION.  
EVENINGS at 8. MATINEES, WEDS. and SATS. at 2.  
Messrs. G. P. Huntley, Laurie de Frece, Thorpe Bates, Arthur Wontner;  
Misses José Collins, Rosina Filippi, Unity More, Nellie Taylor, Winifred Barnes.

## SHAFTESBURY.

## MY LADY FRAYLE

ROBERT COURTNEIDGE'S Production. A New Musical Play.  
EVERY EVENING at 8.15. MATINEES, WEDS. and SATS. at 2.15.

## EMPIRE THEATRE.

## "FOLLOW THE CROWD."

EVERY EVENING at 8.15.  
ETHEL LEVEY, ROBERT HALE, JOSEPH COYNE.  
Varieties at 8.10. Matinee, Wednesdays and Saturdays, 2.15.

## PALLADIUM, Managing Director, Mr. CHARLES GULLIVER.

Always the best Variety Entertainment in London. Three Performances Daily, 2.30, 6.10, 9. Programme for next week; Revue, "FUN AND BEAUTY." Variety Artists include—Billy Merson, Daisy James, Will Tyler, etc.

## A MATEUR PHOTOGRAPHERS.

DEVELOPING or PRINTING.

The BEST POSSIBLE got out of every negative and every print—every time.

No waiting.

Any size, 1s. for 12 exposures; 6d. for 6.

Prints or Postcards, 1d. (Cameras bought or exchanged.)

MARTIN, PHOTOGRAPHER'S CHEMIST, SOUTHAMPTON.



## MAJOR RICHARDSON'S

SENTRY DOGS (Airedales),  
as supplied Army in France, 5 gns.  
POLICE DOGS (Airedales),  
for house and personal guards,  
5 gns.; pups, 2 gns.  
BLOODHOUNDS from 20 gns.;  
pups, 5 gns.  
ABERDEEN, SCOTCH, FOX,  
IRISH TERRIERS, 5 gns.; pups,  
2 gns.  
GROVE END, HARROW, Tel. 423

## LOVELY EYELASHES

"I use Curlash Cream regularly. Of course it is good—it is a Baldwin preparation."—(Elizabeth Risdon, the Film Beauty.)

## CURLASH CREAM

(a colourless eyelash food),  
with brush & advice, 1/- & 1/9 post free  
Dpt. S.K. THE BALDWIN MFG.  
CO., 95, Wigmore St., London, W.  
N.B.—A British scientific triumph.



## THE LONDON ELECTROTYPE AGENCY LIMITED,

Publishers, Authors, Illustrated Press Agents, &c., should apply to the above Agency in all matters dealing with arrangements for reproducing Illustrations, Photographs, &c.

Sole Agents for "The Illustrated London News," "The Sketch," &c.

10, ST. BRIDE'S AVENUE, E.C.

## TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION TO "THE SKETCH" PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.

### INLAND.

Twelve Months (including Christmas Number), £1 11s. 6d.  
Six Months, 15s. 1d. (or including Christmas Number), 16s. 4d.  
Three Months, 7s. 7d. (or including Christmas Number), 8s. 10d.

### CANADA.

Twelve Months (including Christmas Number), £1 13s. 8d.  
Six Months, 16s. 3d. (or with Christmas Number), 17s. 5d.  
Three Months, 8s. 2d. (or with Christmas Number), 9s. 4d.

### ELSEWHERE ABROAD.

Twelve Months (including Christmas Number), £2.  
Six Months, 19s. 6d. (or including Christmas Number), £1 1s.  
Three Months, 9s. 9d. (or including Christmas Number), 11s. 3d.

Remittances may be made by Cheques, payable to THE SKETCH, and crossed "The Union of London and Smiths Bank, Limited," and by Postal and Money Orders, payable at the East Strand Post Office, to THE SKETCH, of 172, Strand, London, W.C.



The  
**Regent S' House**  
of  
**Peter Robinson**  
Ld

R.S. "DINARD"  
(as sketch)

MATRON'S Coat  
in black moiré,  
full shape, outlined  
with wide braid and  
lined throughout silk

£6 . 16 . 6



The  
**Regent S' House**  
of  
**Peter Robinson**  
Ld

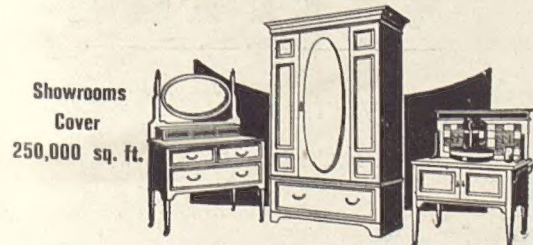
## ENGLAND'S REPUTATION

in furniture is carried out by Jelks'. The pieces sold there have not been made merely for show. They have that DURABILITY which has made English manufactures famous all over the world. They are the big buyers of second-hand goods, and they know what to select. You are not induced to buy rubbish at Jelks'.

## HIGH-GRADE SECOND-HAND FURNITURE

£50,000 BARGAINS FOR CASH OR ON EASY TERMS

Half Cost and Double the Wear of Cheap New Goods.



A TYPICAL EXAMPLE.

6 ft. Inlaid Mahogany **BEDROOM SUITE**, comprising double bevelled plate-glass door Wardrobe, Dressing Chest with long display shelf, jewel drawers and 3 long drawers, Washstand with marble top and tiled back, enclosed pedestal cupboard .. .. . £27 10 0

Established over **W. JELKS & SONS** Half a Century  
263, 265, 267, 269, 271, 273, 275, Holloway Rd., London, N.

REMOVAL ESTIMATE FREE.

Telephones: North 2598, 2599.

Telegrams: "Jellico, London."

## INEXPENSIVE CRÊPE-DE-CHINE NIGHTDRESS

Adapted from an exclusive Paris Model, and made by our own workers, in good quality Crêpe-de-Chine, with square yoke of lace and new wide sleeve, trimmed lace and finished smocking, in new hydrangea shades of pink, blue, primrose, heliotrope, lavender; also in white and black.

PRICE

**29/6**

Chemise to match, 18/9

Knickers to match, 18/9

CATALOGUE POST FREE.

**Debenham  
& Freebody**

Wigmore Street,  
(Covendish Square) London.W

Famous for over a Century  
for Taste, for Quality, for Value



## PRACTICAL WRAPPERS & TEA FROCKS

OUR stock of House and Boudoir Wraps, Tea Frocks and Nègligés is particularly well assorted. We buy all the most exclusive Paris Models and copy and adapt them in our own workrooms to suit the present demand for dainty, refined, yet thoroughly practical garments at really moderate prices.



Picture Tea Frock, as sketch, in rich chiffon taffeta, with semi-fitting early Victorian bodice, finished with fichu, collar and cuffs of ivory net and fine lace. New full skirt of frills, picot edged. Bodice lined silk, waist on elastic. In all colourings and black.

Price 98/6

**MARSHALL &  
SNELGROVE**

LIMITED  
VERE ST. and OXFORD ST.  
LONDON

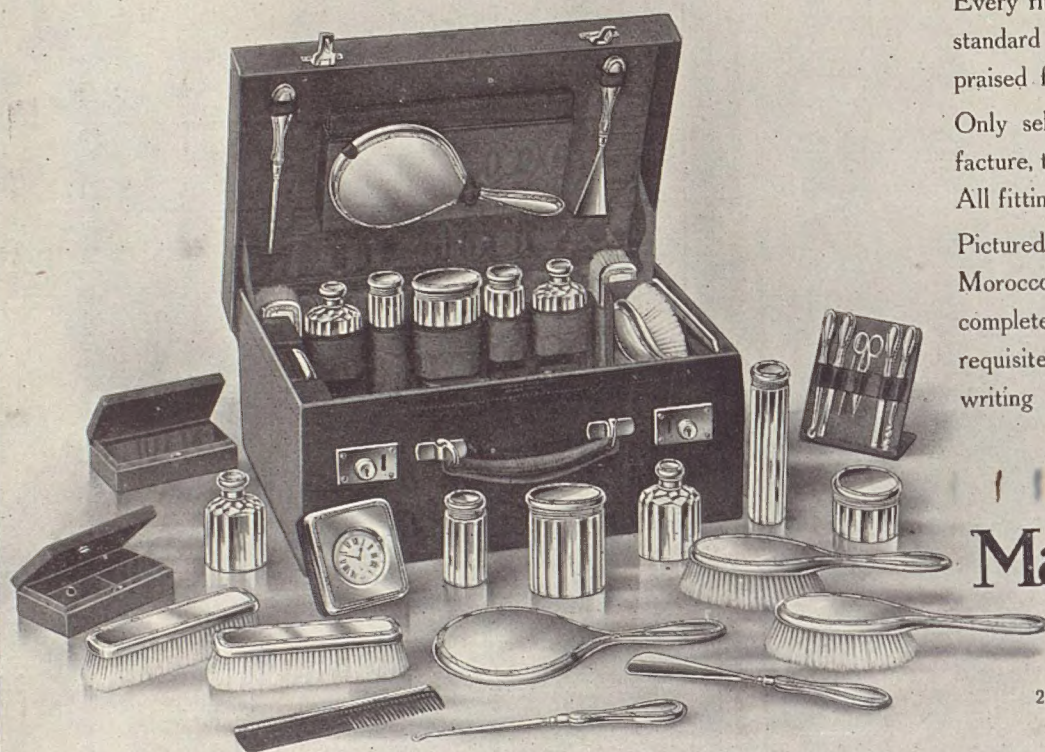
and at  
SCARBOROUGH HARROGATE  
LEEDS YORK

Our Booklet of Tea Frocks  
and Wrappers posted free.





## FITTED BAGS



Every fitted bag we sell is of the same high standard that much-travelled people have praised for many years past.

Only selected leather is used in the manufacture, therefore they stand the hardest wear. All fittings are of the finest quality.

Pictured here is a Lady's 18-inch Finest Morocco Fitted Travelling Case, containing a complete Service of Solid Silver. Toilet requisites, an Eight-Day Timepiece and writing materials.

£25 : 0 : 0

*Send for Catalogue.*

**Mappin & Webb** LTD.

*Silversmiths to His Majesty King George V.*

158-162, OXFORD STREET, W.

2, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, E.C.

172, REGENT STREET, W.

# PALLADIUM

OXFORD CIRCUS, W.

*Managing Director*

CHARLES GULLIVER.

MONDAY, MAY 29th  
and during the week, CHARLES GULLIVER presents

GEORGE GROSSMITH and EDWARD LAURILLARD'S

ORIGINAL PRODUCTION :

# "THE ONLY GIRL"

*A New MUSICAL COMEDY in Three Acts.*

BOOK BY HENRY BLOSSOM.

MUSIC BY VICTOR HERBERT.

*Company of Forty Artistes, including—*

GRACE WILSON

ETHEL BAIRD

RENEE REEL

KATHLEEN DAWES

ARTHUR JACKSON

MOLLIE HANBURY

RONALD MAYNE

LAURENCE LEGGE

LANGDON BRUCE

ALBERT DARNLEY

**THREE PERFORMANCES DAILY**

**2.30**

**6.10**

**9.0**

BOX OFFICE 10 to 10

Telephones: 1004-5-6-7 GERRARD